

From Chambers' Journal.

## QUETELET ON THE LAWS OF THE SOCIAL SYSTEM.

GREATER attention has, perhaps, been paid to social questions during the present year than at any recent period. Civil perturbations naturally produce, with other effects, a disposition to devise rules for their governance, or remedies against their recurrence. There will, of course, be great differences in the character of the remedial measures proposed; still it is always best to look boldly at the evils with which humanity is afflicted, and in this regard honest endeavors to systematize social aberrations, to explain their laws, may find acceptance.

Among the writers who have occupied themselves with this subject, M. Quetelet of Brussels is already favorably known to many readers by his treatise on "Man," and the development of his faculties, published about twelve years since. This was followed, in 1846, by "Letters on the Theory of Probabilities applied to Moral and Political Science;" and now, as the complement of these, we have the work whose title is given in the note below.\* In the "Letters," &c., was originated the law of accidental causes; and this law is shown to be reducible to calculation in common with physical or mechanical laws. Many effects which appear to be accidental, cease to be so when the observations are extended over a large number of facts; and, as the author remarks, "the liberty of choice, (free will,) whose results are so capricious when individuals only are observed, leaves no sensible traces of its action when applied to multitudes." Hence the important law is deduced, "that social facts, influenced by liberty of choice, proceed with even more regularity than facts submitted simply to the action of physical causes." Although the tracing out involves certain difficulties, yet analogies are to be found between moral and mechanical laws; and on these various considerations it is urged that "henceforth moral statistics ought to take its place among the sciences of observation." It will thus be seen that the aim of the work before us is something beyond mere political economy; it is to develop the laws of equilibrium and movement, and especially the preservative principles existing between different parts of the social system. Man is brought before us in his individual character; in his relations to the nation to which he belongs; and last, the ties which, uniting nations, constitute humanity.

The law of accidental causes is not one of mere hypothesis, it may be proved by physical facts;

for instance, the height of the human frame. By aggregating the heights of the population of a country, a mean is obtained which gives the standard, and the departures or variations from this mean range symmetrically above and below it; "as if," observes M. Quetelet, "nature had a *type* proper to a country, and to the circumstances in which it is placed. Deviations from this type would be the product of causes purely accidental, which act either *plus* or *minus* with the same intensity."

The groups\* on either side of the average are the more numerous the more they approach to or resemble the mean; and the more widely they deviate, so do they terminate in rarities, as giants and dwarfs. Every portion of the scale, however, has its value; "there exists between them a mysterious tie, which so operates that each individual may be considered as the necessary part of a whole, which escapes us physically only to be seized by the eye of science." The same law applies also to the growth of the body, which would be more regular were nature less interfered with; there is, besides, a standard weight, and a relation between a man's height and the rate of his pulse; taking the mean for males at seventy, we have a datum on which to base other calculations. The author regrets that we have no "careful continuous observations on workmen whose labor presents a certain periodicity in the exercise of the limbs; on blacksmiths, for example, sawyers, shoemakers, tailors; they might lead to interesting results." With regard to growth, he continues, "at the instant of man's entrance into life, his height is fixed by nature; the variations remarked are purely accidental; and when grouped by order of altitudes, they equally obey a law. Such is the harmony with which all has been combined, that the anomalies even exist only in appearance, and they march with the same regularity as the laws whose movement they disguise." The mean height in Belgium for the male is 1.684 metres, and for the female, 1.579 metres.

M. Quetelet suggests, as a means of obtaining valuable and interesting data on many moral and physical questions, that a record should be kept in every family of all the events or circumstances that brought pleasure or grief to the household, that opened a new line of thought, started a new subject of inquiry, as well as periodical entries of the growth in height, weight, &c., of each member of the family. And he gives us an intimation that this course is pursued by Prince Albert, to whom his book is dedicated. With regard to the progressive development of the human being from birth to maturity, the author hopes at some future day to publish his researches, which will doubt-

\* Du Système Social, et des Lois qui le Régissent. Par A. Quetelet. Paris: Guillaumin et Co. 1849.

less be valuable in an artistic point of view. Complex and difficult as the subject may appear, it is much simplified by the chief result: "Man's proportions are so fixed, at whatever age we consider him, that the having observed a small number of individuals, is sufficient to give the type in the mean." There is, besides, really less difference of development than would at first be supposed; uniformity is more prevalent than our appreciation of objects would lead us to conclude. "In my early investigations," pursues M. Quetelet, "on the proportions of the human body, I measured thirty men of the age of twenty; I distributed them afterwards into three groups of ten men each. In this separation I regarded one condition only—that of having the same mean height for each group, so as to render the other results more easily comparable, without the trouble of reducing by calculation. Thus the mean height was the same for the first, second, and third group; but what was my astonishment to find that the man selected as the mean, representing each one of my three groups, was not only the same in height, but also for each part of the body! The likeness was such, that a single person, measured three times in succession, would have presented more sensible differences in the measures than those which I found between my three means."

The conclusions to be drawn from these physical phenomena are all intended to bear on the great moral view of the subject. M. Quetelet shows that many of the erroneous opinions to which writers on social questions have come, have originated in their regarding man in the individual rather than in the mass; that which defies calculation in the one case is easily established in the other. Moral are distinguished from physical phenomena by the intervention of man's free choice, and the exercise of this prerogative is found rather to restrict than to disturb the limits of deviation. Marriage is adduced as affording the best example of the direct interference of free choice; generally speaking, it is entered on with great circumspection. Yet, during the past twenty years, the number of marriages in Belgium, regard being had to the increase of population, has remained annually the same. Not only has the number proved constant in the towns and the country, but also as respects marriages between young men and young women, young men and widows, widowers and young women, and widowers and widows. The same fact holds, too, with regard to the ages at which marriage is contracted; and the great discrepancies sometimes observed in ill-assorted unions, are neither to be considered as fatalities nor mere effects of blind passion; like giants and dwarfs in respect of growth, they constitute the remotest deviations in the law of accidental causes. The same result also obtains in other human actions as well as that of marriage; there is a certain regularity in crime, in suicides, in mutilations to avoid military service, in the sum annually staked on the gaming-tables of Paris, and

even in the unsealed, undirected, and illegibly-addressed letters deposited yearly in the post-office. "With such an assemblage of facts before us," asks the author, "must man's free choice be denied? Truly I think not. I conceive only that the effect of this free choice is restrained within very narrow limits, and plays among social phenomena the part of an *accidental* cause. It therefore ensues, that making abstraction of individuals, and considering circumstances only in a general manner, the effects of all accidental causes ought to neutralize and destroy themselves mutually, so as to leave predominant only the true causes in virtue of which society exists and maintains itself. The Supreme Being has wisely imposed limits to our moral faculties as to our physical faculties; man has no power over the eternal laws. The possibility of establishing moral statistics, and deducing useful consequences therefrom, depends entirely on this fundamental fact, that man's free choice disappears, and remains without sensible effect, when the observations extend over a great number of individuals." In predicated, however, on the number of marriages to take place in any given year, it is important to distinguish between the *apparent* and *real tendency* to the conjugal state. These may exhibit great differences. "Thus one man may have all his life a real tendency for marriage, without ever marrying; while another, from fortuitous circumstances, may marry without experiencing any inclination for wedded life." It is possible to represent these tendencies by curved lines, which, for males, commencing at the age of 20, and ending at 80, shows the maximum to be between 35 and 40. For females, the curve terminates ten years earlier, and reaches its highest point in the years from 25 to 30. The distinction between the apparent and real is essential; for although we are able to establish a law for the mass, we can prove nothing beforehand of the individual.

The same real and apparent tendency or inclination exists also with regard to crime, and nearly all other moral actions; for it is clear that a person may have a great inclination for crime without once committing it; another may abhor crime, and yet become culpable. "It is thus possible," says M. Quetelet, "to state, from continued observations, the relative degrees of energy which lead men to execute certain facts. Thus, if I see a million men of 25 or 30 years produce twice as many murders as a million of 40 to 45 years of age, I should be disposed to believe that the inclination to murder among the former has twice the energy of what prevails among the latter. \* \* \* It is important, therefore, to have a number of observations sufficient to eliminate the effects of all the fortuitous causes from which differences may be established between the real and apparent inclination to be determined. \* \* \* So long as the march of justice and that of repression remain the same, which can scarcely be possible, except in one and the same country, constant relations are established between these three facts:—1st,

Crimes committed ; 2d, Crimes committed and denounced ; 3d, Crimes committed, denounced, and brought before the tribunals." An investigation of criminal tables has shown "that the law of development of the tendency to crime is the same for France, Belgium, England, and the grand-duchy of Baden, the only countries whose observations are correctly known. The tendency to crime towards the adult age increases with considerable rapidity ; it reaches a maximum, and decreases afterwards until the last limits of life. This law appears to be constant, and undergoes no modification but in the extent and period of the maximum. In France, for crimes in general, the maximum appears about the 21th year ; in Belgium, it arrives two years later ; in England and the grand-duchy of Baden, on the contrary, it is observed earlier. \* \* \* Considering the circumstances," pursues the writer, "under this point of view, we shall better form an opinion of the high mission of the legislator, who holds to a certain extent the budget of crimes in his hands, and who can diminish or augment their number by measures combined with more or less of prudence."

With regard to the theoretical mean, M. Quetelet affirms that "man, in respect to his moral faculties, as with his physical faculties, is subject to greater or less deviations from a mean state ; and the oscillations which he undergoes around this mean, follow the general law which regulates all the fluctuations that a series of phenomena can experience under the influence of accidental causes. \* \* \* Free choice, far from opposing any obstacle to the regular production of social phenomena, on the contrary favors them. A people who should be formed only of sages, would annually offer the most constant return of the same facts. This may explain what would at first appear a paradox—namely, that social phenomena, influenced by man's free choice, proceed from year to year with more regularity than phenomena purely influenced by material and fortuitous causes."

In treating on intellectual qualities, the author observes—"Two things at first are to be distinguished in our intellectual faculties ; what we owe to nature, and what we derive from study. These two results are very different ; when found united, and carried to a high degree of perfection in the same individual, they produce marvels ; when they present themselves isolated, they bring forth nothing but mediocrity. A student of the present day, on leaving school, knows more than Archimedes, but will he make science advance a single step ! On the other hand, there exists more than one Archimedes on the surface of the globe, without a chance of making his genius public, because he lacks the science." "If," we read in another place, "phrenology should one day realize its promises, we should have the means of directly measuring man's intellectual organization ; we should possess as a consequence the elements by which to solve an extremely complex problem ; we should know what each individual owes to nature, and what to science ; we should even be able

to establish numerically the values of these two portions of his intelligence ; but as yet, we are far from perceiving the possibility of such a result. \* \* \* One of the most curious studies that could be proposed in relation to man concerns the progressive development of his different intellectual qualities ; it would be a question to recognize those which first manifest themselves, to verify the period when they attain their maximum of energy, and to appreciate the relative degrees of their development at different epochs of life."

In the chapters on human societies, M. Quetelet traces cycles of duration for nations as for other departments of nature. Thus the Assyrian Empire lasted 1580 years ; the Egyptian, 1663 years ; the Jewish nation, 1522 years ; Greece, 1410 years ; the Roman Empire, 1129 years ; giving an average of 1461 years, remarkable as corresponding exactly with the *Sothiac* period, or canicular cycle of the Egyptians, with which was comprehended the existence of the phoenix. This result would appear referable to the action of a law, of which, however, too little is known to predicate on events yet to transpire in the future.

The law of accidental causes admits of application to derangements of the mental faculties "Moral maladies," we read, "are like physical maladies ; some of them are contagious, some are epidemic, and others are hereditary. Vice is transmitted in certain families, as scrofula or phthisis. Great part of the crimes which afflict a country originate in certain families, who would require particular surveillance—isolation similar to that imposed on patients supposed to carry about them germs of pestilence."

The question is examined, Whether the indefinite contraction of the limits between which men can vary is a benefit ? "Absolute equality, if it could be realized, would lead society back to its point of departure, and if it became durable, would plunge it into the most complete atomy ; variety and movement would be annihilated ; the picturesque would be effaced from the surface of the globe ; arts and sciences would cease to be cultivated ; that which does most honor to human genius would be abandoned ; and as no one would wish to obey another man, great enterprises would become impossible." To complete the argument, it is shown that the means and the limits vary only in proportion to science.

Besides the points we have noticed, the work under consideration contains many valuable inquiries and suggestions. In the chapter on the intellectual faculties, for example, we find views on literary, artistic, and scientific productions—influence of age upon the development of dramatic talent—excess of labor—on emigration—the influence of the healing art on the social system—demoralization and pauperism—antagonism of nations ; and in the concluding section "on humanity," the department of aesthetics presents itself to the discussion ; these questions are treated with the author's well-known ability. His work must be taken as a valuable contribution to moral sci-



ence, to the cause of justice, law and order. Whatever differences of opinion may be entertained, it is impossible not to be impressed by M. Quetelet's earnestness; he would have nations as wise and trustful as is sometimes the case with individuals. "The two extreme states," he observes, "individuality and humanity, are not the result of human combinations; they are determined by the Supreme Being, who has established laws of dependence between them. Philosophy has busied itself with investigating its nature, and in recognizing what each one owes to himself, and the duties which he is bound to fulfil towards others. \* \* \* It is by such laws that Divine wisdom has equalibrated all in the moral and intellectual world; but what hand will raise the thick veil thrown over the mysteries of our social system, and over the eternal principles which regulate its destinies and assure its preservation? Who will be the other Newton to expound the laws of this other celestial mechanism?"

From the North British Review.

*Life and Letters of Thomas Campbell.* Edited by WILLIAM BEATTIE, M. D., one of his executors. London, 1849.

FOR something more than half a century the custom has been gradually increasing, of publishing, with but little reserve, such letters of eminent men as have been written in the ordinary management of the affairs of life, or the careless confidence of domestic intimacy. In Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," we scarcely remember a single private letter being printed as illustrating any one statement in the work, or as affording an exhibition of the character of any one of the writers, whose lives he relates. A short time before the publication of "The Lives of the Poets," Mason had in his memoirs of Gray, introduced a new style of biography which has affected, more or less, every work of the kind since written. The journals of Gray, a retired scholar, who took accurate notes of whatever he read, supplied much that was instructive and interesting to the earnest student; and Mason had the opportunity of selecting, from a correspondence conducted through the whole of Gray's life with one friend or another, a vast body of information on a great variety of subjects. There were few personal details; and though Mason made great use of Gray's letters, yet there was scarcely a single letter published without omissions. The example given by Mason, was followed in two remarkable instances by a writer whose poetry was once popular, and whose prose works, in spite of great affectation, which deforms everything he has written, are still very pleasing. Hayley, in his life of Milton, has woven together passages from Milton's letters, calculated to make his readers sympathize with the great poet, and which give a wholly different aspect to his life from that which the readers of Johnson had received. Milton's minor poems had been published by Thomas Wharton, with notes

curiously illustrative of the mental process by which Milton's poetical language was elaborated; but in those notes, and through the whole book, Milton's controversial writings were assailed in a temper of bigotry scarcely intelligible in our days and which Hayley's "Life" did much to counteract. To an extent which is quite surprising, he was enabled to effect what Michelet and others have done in the case of Luther, and thus Milton became his own biographer.

Some years after, in his life of Cowper, Hayley gave to the public the very most interesting volumes of biography that have perhaps ever been published. The state of health which separated Cowper from the active business of life, was consistent with systematic study, and with the exertion of the poetical faculty. Cowper's residence at a distance from his relatives—the peculiar tenderness with which he was regarded—and some circumstances connected with his pecuniary affairs, created a correspondence which was the amusement, and, in some sort, the business of his life. These letters, above all comparison the most charming that have ever been published, and from which, as we best remember, every passage that it could be thought unreasonable to living persons to bring before the public, had been first removed, rendered his style of biography popular. In formal autobiography there can seldom be absent some appearance of vanity. In passages selected from letters in which the author is unconsciously writing his life, this fault is at least absent, and for the last half century rarely an eminent man has died, whose friends have not been solicited for copies of such letters as accident has left undestroyed.

It was scarce possible that the great poet, Campbell, should have escaped the common lot; and a considerable mass of his letters are now given to the public by his friend and executor, Dr. Beattie. The volumes also contain some biographical notes drawn up by the poet at the request of Dr. Beattie, and though we can imagine this voluminous work improved both by compression and by omission, and though we think a more diligent inquirer, without taking very much trouble on the subject, might have given us more scenes from the London life of a man who lived so much in the eye of the public—we yet think some gratitude is due to Dr. Beattie for many of the letters in these volumes. The book will aid us in appreciating the character of a man whose works will probably for many generations continue to give delight.

Campbell was a true and a great poet; he was, what is better, a true-hearted, generous-minded, and honorable man.

With all men life is a struggle. With such a man as Campbell—peculiarly sensitive—the struggle was from adverse circumstances more than ordinarily severe. He was the youngest of ten children. The father of the poet, Alexander Campbell, had for many years been a prosperous merchant in the Virginia trade. During the ear-



lier part of his life, he had lived at Falmouth in Virginia. He had come to the sober age of forty-five, when he married Margaret Campbell, the sister of his partner in business. We will not follow Dr. Beattie in disentangling the intricate pedigree of the Campbells. Margaret was, it seems, of the same clan, but not a blood-relation, of "the Campbells of Kirnan," to which family her husband belonged. "The Campbells of Kirnan," a locality with which the poet's people were connected by their traditions, and not by the fact of having ever resided there, was a sound that had its magic; and the mother of the poet would, late in life, when sending home an article from a shop, describe herself as Mrs. "Campbell of Kirnan," mother "of the author of the Pleasures of Hope." The union with England had opened the American trade to Scotland. Previously to that, Scotland could only deal with the colonies of England on the footing of a foreign nation. When the trade was once opened, the industry and intelligence of the Glasgow merchants gave them almost a monopoly of the business. The war with America drove trade into other channels; and among the houses ruined by the change was that of which the poet's father was the senior partner. The savings of forty years of industry, amounting to about twenty thousand pounds, were swept away in an hour. The old man was sixty-five, too old to commence a new score with the world. His eldest child was a daughter of nineteen. The poet, if we read dates aright, was not born for two years after his father's business had been broken up.

It would appear that the debts of the firm were paid, and that a small surplus remained. In addition to this, Mr. Campbell received a small annual sum from the city Merchant's Society, and from a provident institution, of which he had long been a member. This was no doubt a very different amount of income from what he had enjoyed. His wife was a sensible woman, who instantly acted on the changed state of circumstances—lived with the most severe economy, and did what she could to educate her family. The floating traditions which Dr. Beattie has collected describe her as "of slight but shapely figure, with piercing black eyes, dark hair, and well chiselled features"—"a shrewd observer of character—warm-hearted, strongly attached to her friends, and always ready to sympathize in their misfortunes. She was often the author of substantial but unostentatious charity." One gentleman recollects of being taken to see her in his boyhood when she was very old. She bought a cane for him, and amused him by her good nature in walking up and down the room, twirling it, to show him how the young gentlemen in Edinburgh managed their canes. She had a natural taste for music; and in her old age she would to the last sing snatches of old songs—"My Poor Dog Tray," and "The Blind Boy," were her favorites. It was to the former air that Campbell wrote "The Harper." "It is," says Dr. Beattie,

"one of the few I heard him sing in the evening of life, when for an instant the morning sun seemed again to rest on it; and it was probably the first that soothed the infant poet in his cradle, long before he attempted to lisp in rhyme."

Alexander Campbell, the poet's father, lived in social intimacy with several of the University professors. Adam Smith was his friend, and Reid baptized the poet—hence his name Thomas. When Reid sent a copy of his "Inquiry into the Human Mind" to Alexander Campbell, and heard from him the pleasure with which he read it, he said there were two men in Glasgow who understood my work—Campbell and myself.

The elder Campbell is said to have been liberal in politics. We shall not seek to determine the precise meaning in which the word is used. He was religious. The traditions of his family told of chiefs of the clan that had suffered martyrdom for the doctrines of the church of Scotland, and his pride as well as his better feelings were interested in the cause. Family worship was then almost the universal habit of Scottish families—and the fervor of the old man's extempore prayers was such that the very expressions which he used never passed away from the minds of his children. The poet, a short time before his death, said that he "had never heard language—the English liturgy excepted—more sublime than that in which his devotional feelings at such moments found utterance."

Poetry was not among the old merchant's studies, but he loved music, and could sing a good naval song—he loved better a metaphysical wrangle or a theological dispute—and when the young poet was caught verse-making, the father was perhaps happiest, for then most did the spirit of contradiction awake, and then only was he quite sure of being right. Whatever he might think of Reid's principle of Common Sense, he could not but feel that there was something to be said for Berkley and Locke, and in his most vehement theological discussions he would sometimes feel that the subject had slipped through his fingers, and that while the sense of positiveness remained, the very topic of the disputation had altogether vanished from his memory. Not so when young Tom's scribbled manuscript was before him. There it was—nonsense—absolute nonsense. The poor boy had to retire crest-fallen and ashamed—the father did not perhaps know that all early poetry is imitative—he thought little (and who could think much?) of the poetry of the day, the cadences of which were echoed in every line of the boy's verses—

His soul's proud instinct sought not to enjoy  
Romantic fictions, like a minstrel boy;  
Truth, standing on her solid square, from youth  
He worshipped—stern, uncompromising truth.

The old man lived, however, to be gratified by the reception of "The Pleasures of Hope." Had Mr. Campbell been able to get rid of the anxieties of property, when he was compelled to retire

from business, he would have been comparatively a happy man; but the restless ghost of his former prosperity haunted him for the rest of life in a series of never-ending lawsuits. A correspondent of Dr. Beattie's tells us, that in the year 1790 he spent an evening at Mr. Campbell's.

The old gentleman, who had been a great foreign merchant, was seated in an arm-chair, and dressed in a suit of the same snuff-brown cloth, all from the same web. There were present besides Thomas, his brother Daniel, and two sisters, Elizabeth and Isabella. The father, then at the age of eighty, spoke only once to us. It was when one of his sons, Thomas I think, who was then about thirteen, and of my own age, was speaking of getting new clothes, and descending in grave earnest as to the most fashionable colors. Tom was partial to green, I preferred blue. "Lads," said the senior, in a voice that fixed our attention, "if you wish to have a lasting suit, get one like mine." We thought he meant one of a snuff-brown color; but he added, "I have a *suit* in the Court of Chancery, which has lasted thirty years; and I think it will never wear out."

Situations were found for the elder sons in the colonies. They ended in forming respectable mercantile establishments in Virginia and Demerara. The daughters engaged in the education of children—two as governesses in families—the third in the management of a school. Daniel was placed in a Glasgow manufactory, where weaving and cotton-spinning were conducted on a large scale. He was a politician, and the days in which he lived were less prosperous times for a radical reformer than our own. He found Scotland too hot for him, and went to Rouen, where the poet found him conducting a large manufactory. He ceased to correspond with his family, and became a naturalized Frenchman. It is not impossible that he may be still living. Of this large family, one died in early life; he was drowned while bathing in the Clyde, when he was but thirteen years old, and his brother Thomas six. He is alluded to in an affecting passage towards the close of "The Pleasures of Hope"—

Weep not—at nature's transient pain,  
Congenial spirits part to meet again.

Inspiring thought of rapture yet to be,  
The tears of love were hopeless but for thee.  
If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell,  
If that faint murmur be the last farewell,  
If Fate unite the faithful but to part,  
Why is their memory sacred to the heart?  
Why does the brother of my childhood seem  
Restored awhile in every pleasing dream?  
Why do I joy the lonely spot to view  
By artless friendship blessed, when life was new?

The elder part of the family had been dispersed during the early infancy of the poet, or before his birth. The father's temper was indulgent to everything but poetry, and his affections were centred on the child of his old age. The mother's temper was severe, and her notions of a parent's rights were almost as high as a Stuart's fancies of the royal prerogative, yet it was observed that her

natural asperity relaxed in the management of her youngest son. Mary, the eldest sister, had already left her father's house; Isabella still remained to assist her mother in domestic details, and with her the playful child was a delightful plaything. The poet has in his letters called Isabella his poetical sister, and from her or from his mother his ear had become familiar with the ballad poetry of Scotland long before he could understand its meaning.

At eight years old he was sent to the school of Mr. Alison; his triumphs are solemnly recorded—he was always at the head of his class; his father assisted him in preparing his lessons—a fact commemorated by his classical biographer in language that swells into dignity suitable to the subject. "It must have been," says he, "a picture in itself of no little beauty and interest, to see the venerable Nestor stooping over the versions and directing the studies of the future Tyrtæus."

The boy was overworked, and was obliged to be sent to the country. In about six weeks his health was restored, but to the effect of running wild about the fields his biographer refers his love of the country, and much of the imagery of his poems. About this time his first verses were written. Of these and of his school exercises, Dr. Beattie gives us far too many. Translations of Anacreon, and thefts of strawberries distinguish his twelfth year. In the thirteenth, young Tyrtæus learned to throw stones, and gave—in plain prose—what turned out to be a very poetical or very fabulous account of the battle. The inspired boy was not unlikely to be spoiled by the young Glasgow blackguards, who, with every care on the part of his parents, could not but be his companions for a considerable part of the day.

Of brother Daniel our readers are probably prepared not to think very well—he was four years older than Thomas, and was now sixteen or seventeen. An old lady—a relative of their mother's—lived about two miles from Glasgow, and one of the boys was each day sent to know how she was. It was Thomas' turn, and the message to the old lady's interfered with the young urchin's gathering blackberries. "Why go there at all?" said Daniel; "can't you do as I do—say she is better, or worse, and don't take the trouble of going to inquire?" For weeks and for months the young scoundrels went on with fictitious bulletins, and finding that unfavorable reports were likely to make more frequent messages sent, they adopted a form that "Mrs. Simpson had a better night and was going on nicely." They at last announced her perfect recovery, and were starting on some expedition of their own, when a letter arrived "as broad and as long as a brick, with cross-bones and a grinning death's head on its seal," inviting the old gentleman to attend Mrs. Simpson's funeral.

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell looked at the letter, then at their two hopeful sons, and then at one another. But such were their grief and astonishment that

neither of them could utter a word. "At last," says the poet, "my mother's grief for her cousin vented itself in cuffing our ears. But I was far less pained by her blows than by a few words from my father. He never raised a hand to us; and I would advise all fathers, who would have their children to love their memory, to follow his example."

In spite of this unpromising scene, Campbell's school-days gave promise of good. Alison, his school-master, thought well of him. Mr. Stevenson, a surviving school-fellow of his, remembers him as taking care that fair play should be shown to him, who was an English boy, and probably the only one in the school. He passed from school to college with favorable auguries. He was in his thirteenth year when he entered college, and even from this early period his support was in part earned by his teaching younger boys. At this period he printed a ballad, called *Morven and Fillan*, in imitation of a passage in *Ossian*, and which contains some lines that bear a resemblance to his after poem of *Lord Ullin's daughter*.

Loud shrieked afar the angry sprite  
That rode upon the storm of night,  
And loud the waves were heard to roar  
That lashed on *Morven's* rocky shore.

*Morven and Fillan.*

By this the storm grew loud apace;  
The water-wraith was shrieking.

*Lord Ullin's Daughter.*

Campbell and his young friends formed debating societies, and the poet seems to have been distinguished for fluency of speech. A number of Campbell's exercises are printed by Dr. Beattie, for no better reason than that "they may revive the faded images of college life" in the minds of Campbell's few surviving college friends. Lines on the death of "*Marie Antoinette*" are given. They are perhaps worth preserving, as they show how early the poet's ear was tuned to something of the notes in which his *Hohenlinden* was afterwards written.

The third session of Campbell's college life was distinguished by his continuing to take the lead in debating societies, and in his obtaining prizes for composition. He wrote a number of pasquinades on his brother students. They were written without any other feeling than that of amusing himself and others, but they were not disregarded by those who were their objects. Dr. Beattie tells that in some cases the resentment generated by satires written at this time, and utterly forgotten by Campbell in the hour in which they were thrown off as mere sportive effusions, has absolutely survived the poet himself.

Some of Campbell's jokes were for the purpose of getting a place near the stove when attending the logic class on a winter morning. He would scratch some nonsense on the walls—a libel, perhaps on the tall Irish students that crowded round the fire. While they rushed to read such rhymes as

*Vos Hiberni collocatis  
Summun Bonum in potatoes,*

he managed to get to the stove.

Campbell was at this time an ardent politician. The French Revolution had everywhere evoked the contending spirits of Aristocracy and Democracy.

Being (says Campbell) in my own opinion a competent judge of politics, I became a democrat. I read Burke on the French Revolution, of course; but unable to follow his subtleties, or to appreciate his merits, I took the word of my brother democrats, that he was a sophist. It was in those years that the Scottish reformers, Muir, Gerald, and others, were transported to Botany Bay—Muir, though he had never uttered a sentence in favor of reform stronger than William Pitt himself had uttered, and Gerald for acts which, in the opinion of sound English lawyers, fell short of sedition. I did not even then approve of Gerald's mode of agitating the reform question in Scotland by means of a Scottish convention; but I had heard a magnificent account of his talents and accomplishments, and I longed insufferably to see him; but the question was how to get to Edinburgh.

While thus gravely considering the ways and means, it immediately occurred to me that I had an uncle's widow in Edinburgh—a kind, elderly lady, who had seen me at Glasgow, and said that she would be glad to receive me at her house if I should ever come to the Scottish metropolis. I watched my mother's *mollia tempora fandi*—for she had them, good woman—and eagerly catching the propitious moment, I said—"O mamma, how I long to see Edinburgh! If I had but three shillings, I could walk there in one day, sleep two nights, and be two days at my aunt Campbell's, and walk back in another day." To my delightful surprise she answered—"No, my bairn; I will give you what will carry you to Edinburgh and bring you back, but you must promise me not to walk more than half the way in any one day." That was twenty-two miles. "Here," said she, "are five shillings for you in all; two will serve you to go, and two to return; for a bed at the half-way house costs but sixpence." She then gave me—I never shall forget the beautiful coin—a King William and Mary crown-piece. I was dumb with gratitude; but sallying out to the streets, I saw at the first bookseller's shop a print of *Elijah fed by ravens*. Now, I had often heard my poor mother saying that in case of my father's death—and he was a very old man—she knew not what would become of her. "But," she used to add, "let me not despair, for *Elijah was fed by ravens*." When I presented her with the picture, I said nothing of its tacit allusion to the possibility of my being one day her supporter; but she was much affected, and evidently felt a strong presentiment.

Next morning I took my way to Edinburgh, with four shillings and sixpence in my pocket. I witnessed Joseph Gerald's trial, and it was an era in my life. Hitherto I had never known what public eloquence was; and I am sure the judiciary Scotch lords did not help to a conception of it, speaking as they did bad arguments in broad Scotch. But the lord advocate's speech was good; the speeches of Laing and Gillies were better; and Gerald's speech annihilated the remembrance of all the eloquence that had ever been heard within the walls of that house. He quieted the judges, in spite of their indecent interruptions of him, and produced a silence in which you might have heard a pin fall to the ground. At the close of his defence,

\* A distance of forty-two miles—"long Scotch miles."



he said—"And now, gentlemen of the jury—now that I have to take leave of you forever, let me remind you that mercy is no small part of the duty of jurymen; that the man who shuts his heart on the claims of the unfortunate, on him the gates of mercy will be shut, and for him the Saviour of the world shall have died in vain." At this finish I was moved, and, turning to a stranger who sat beside me, apparently a tradesman, I said to him, "By heavens, sir, that's a great man!" "Yes, sir," he answered, "he is not only a great man himself, but he makes every other man feel great who listens to him."

Political passion is contagious; and Campbell returned from Edinburgh an altered man—if the expression may be used in speaking of a boy of sixteen. "His characteristic sprightliness had evaporated." He did not neglect the studies of his class, but his heart was elsewhere; and his attention was divided between the "Clouds" of Aristophanes, of which he meditated a translation, and the democratic journals of the day. The case of Muir and Gerald was one singularly fitted as a topic for debating clubs, for the men were transported, under the laws of Scotland, for an offence which, at that time, was in England punishable only by fine and imprisonment. Campbell vehemently denounced the conduct of the state trials, in his debating clubs, and in private society exhibited the manner of one "who suffered some personal wrong which he could neither forgive nor effectually resent." His change of manner was so sudden—the violence of his indignation was such—his declamation against modern society and all its institutions was so unceasing—that there seems to have been among his friends an impression of his actually having become insane; and it was not till the demon of poetry entirely possessed him that they felt wholly free from this fear. His translation of scenes from the "Clouds" of Aristophanes was rewarded with a prize, and with the more gratifying acknowledgment from Professor Young of his version being the very best of any that had ever been given in by any student at the university. An essay on the Origin of Evil, which obtained a prize at the same time, is a skilful imitation of Pope's manner. In the course of the next session he translated some choruses from the Medea of Euripides and the Choephori of Æschylus. Dr. Beattie boldly says that the passages from Euripides "hardly lost anything of their original beauty by his translations." They gave more pleasure to the professors at Glasgow than they have given to us; and Campbell, compelled to look round him for bread, found recommendations for the office of private tutor to a family of his own name residing in the remote Hebrides.

The poet's solemnity seems to have relaxed about this time. He thought less of politics, and was up to a piece of fun. A respectable apothecary, named Fife, had over his door in the Tron-gate, printed in large letters, "Ears Pierced by A. FIFE," meaning the operation to which young ladies submit for the sake of wearing ear-rings.

Fife's next door neighbor was a spirit-dealer of the name of DRUM. Campbell and his brother Daniel, assisted by a third party, who we believe is still living, got a long thin deal-board, and painted on it in capitals—

#### THE SPIRIT-STIRRING DRUM—THE EAR-PIERCING FIFE.

This they nailed one night over the contiguous doors, to the great annoyance of Drum and Fife, and to the great amusement of every one else in Glasgow. In a few days afterwards Campbell set off for Mull.

From the first Campbell was thrown on his own resources for support. At thirteen or fourteen years of age, his means of paying his class-fees depended on his obtaining employment as a teacher of younger children; for surely, at that age, it is scarce fit to call him by any other name. The genial life of childhood or boyhood never was his in the sense in which it is that of almost every person in the rank of life in which Campbell early took his natural and rightful position. We think that this forced and premature exertion of his faculties dwarfed his intellectual powers—that the perpetual excitement in which he was kept by his debating societies, and his competition for college prizes, could not but be injurious—and that it was above all things fortunate when he was separated from Glasgow, and forced into the solitudes of the Hebrides. His prize-verses had been the subject of such admiration that he ran the chance of being spoiled forever; and nothing less than a separation from Glasgow and its coteries could have saved him. On the 18th of May, 1795, he started from Glasgow, in company with a class-fellow, Joseph Finlayson, and took the road to Inverary. Wordsworth, in a note to the Excursion, vindicating his choice of a pedler as the hero of his poem, quotes a passage from Heron's Letters from Scotland, in which he says—"A young man going from any part of Scotland to England, of purpose to *carry the pack*, was considered as going to lead the life and acquire the fortune of a gentleman." Poor Campbell, carrying his store of learning to the Hebrides, did not feel the same elevation of spirit, when he thought of the value likely to be set on the articles in which he dealt. "I was fain," he says, "from my father's reduced circumstances, to accept, for six months, of a tutorship in a Highland family at the farthest end of the Isle of Mull. To this, it is true, my poverty rather than my will consented. I was so little proud of it, that in passing through Greenock, I purposely omitted to call on my mother's cousin, Mr. Robert Sinclair, at that time a wealthy merchant, and first magistrate of the town, with a family of nine daughters, one of whom I married some nine years afterwards." He would not tell his pretty cousins he was going out in that capacity. He tells of an evening passed in the open air for the sake of economy. When he and Finlayson were repairing dinnerless to their beds, they saved the life of a boy who

was drowning, and then thought they earned a fair right to their dinner. The poet tells of beef-steaks vanishing before them "like smoke;"—then came tankards of ale—and then a night passed in singing and reciting poetry.

"Life," says Campbell, speaking of this scene, "is happier in the transition than in the retrospect, but still I am bound to regard this part of my recollections of life as very agreeable. I was, it is true, very poor, but I was as gay as a lark, and hardy as the Highland heather." We wish we had room for Campbell's account of this journey. "The wide world contained not two merrier boys. We sang and recited poetry throughout the long wild Highland glens." They believed in Ossian, and Ossian had given an interest to the Gaelic people in their eyes. The Highland inns gave them herrings, potatoes, and whiskey, and nothing else. Their walk seems to have been in glorious weather. Full forty years afterwards, when Campbell wrote of it, he tells of his unmeasured delight at the roaring streams and torrents—the yellow primroses and the cuckoos—the heathy mountains, with the sound of goats' bleating at their tops. "I felt a soul in every muscle of my body, and my mind was satisfied that I was going to earn my bread by my own labor."

They met a boy, in a postman's dress, quietly playing marbles on the road-side. "You little rascal," we said to him, "are you the post-boy and thus playing away your time?" "Na, sir," answered redjacket, "I'm no the post; I'm only an express!" At Inverary, he and Finlayson parted company, and Campbell walked alone to Oban, under drenching rain. From Oban he crossed over to Mull.

In the course of a long summer's day I traversed the whole length of the island—which must be nearly thirty miles—with not a footpath to direct me. At times I lost all traces of my way, and had no guide but the sun going westward. About twilight, however, I reached the Point Callich, the house of my hostess, Mrs. Campbell of Sunipol—a worthy, sensible widow lady, who treated me with great kindness. I am sure I made a conscience of my duty towards my pupils. I never beat them—remembering how much I loved my father for having never beaten me.

At first I felt melancholy in this situation, missing my college chums, and wrote a poem on my exile as doleful as anything in Ovid's *Tristia*. But I soon got reconciled to it. The Point of Callich commands a magnificent prospect of thirteen Hebridean islands, among which are Staffa and Icolmkill, which I visited with enthusiasm. I had also, now and then, a sight of wild deer, sweeping across that wilder country, and of eagles perching on its shore. These objects fed the romance of my fancy, and I may say that I was attached to Sunipol before I

"The Point Callich" is on the northern shore of Mull, where the house of Sunipol may be easily seen by any one sailing from Tobermory to Staffa. It stands quite upon the shore, and occupies the centre of a bay immediately before you turn that point of Mull where you first get a view of the wondrous island which contains the cave of Fingal.

took my leave of it. Nevertheless, God wot, I was better pleased to look on the kirk steeples and whinstone causeways of Glasgow than on all the eagles and wild deer of the Highlands.

The solitude in which Campbell now lived was strangely contrasted with the busy scenes which he had left; and it must have been of great use to him to have time for actual communing with his own mind. In spite of its eminent men there was in the whole of the Glasgow literature something of a mercantile—not to say peddling—character. It was disputative in its progress, and all progress stopped at an early stage. The exchangeable value of learning was chiefly thought of, and the great object in life was the dictatorial position of the professor's chair. By the system early proficiency and considerable accuracy of information, up to a certain not very high point, were attained, and Campbell was as near being ruined by the admiration of a little provincial circle as ever great man was, when his poverty fortunately interposed to rescue him.

It was the wisdom and the will of Heaven  
That in a lonely tent had cast  
The lot of Thalaba;  
There might his soul develop best  
Its strengthening energies;  
There might he from the world  
Keep his heart pure and uncontaminate,  
Till at the written hour he should be found  
Fit servant of the Lord, without a spot.

We have no doubt that solitude is the true nursery for a great poet; and we think that the narrative of Campbell's life—both in his success and his failures—is calculated remarkably to illustrate this. In the lonely residence, where he educated a few children, there was time for thought; nay, self-reflection was strangely forced on him, for the box containing his books did not arrive for some time, and till it arrived he was even without paper. A letter of his, dated June, 1795, tells a friend of his that "there is no paper in Mull." To have passed some time in thinking, instead of writing, would have been no bad discipline for a young prize-poet. Campbell would write, however, as much as he could, and he scribbled as much as he could on a white-washed wall. By the time pen, ink, and paper arrived, the wall appeared like a broad sheet of manuscript.

Of Campbell's verses before he left Glasgow, the only ones at all worthy of preservation are a hymn, most of which was afterwards worked into the *Pleasures of Hope*. While in Mull he employed himself in adding to his translations from *Æschylus* and *Aristophanes*, probably thinking that a character for scholarship was more likely to lead to some provision by which he might support life, than any exertion in the way of original poetry. Dr. Beattie, however, gives us some lines descriptive of the scenery of Mull, which when shown to Dr. Anderson two years afterwards, led him to predict Campbell's future suc-

cess as a poet. The lines are well worth preserving :—

ELEGY WRITTEN IN MULL.

The tempest blackens on the dusky moor,  
And billows lash the long-resounding shore ;  
In pensive mood I roam the desert ground,  
And vainly sigh for scenes no longer found.

O whither fled the pleasurable hours  
That chased each care, and fired the muse's  
powers ;

The classic haunts of youth forever gay,  
Where mirth and friendship cheered the close of  
day ;

The well-known valleys, where I wont to roam,  
The native sports, the nameless joys of home !

Far different scenes allure my wandering eye ;  
The white wave foaming to the distant sky—  
The cloudy heavens unblest by summer's smile—  
The sounding storm, that sweeps the rugged isle—  
The chill, bleak summit of eternal snow—  
The wide, wild glen—the pathless plains below—  
The dark blue rocks in barren grandeur piled—  
The cuckoo sighing to the pensive wild !

Far different these from all that charmed before  
The grassy banks of Clutha's winding shore ;  
Her sloping vales, with waving forests lined,  
Her smooth blue lakes, unruffled by the wind ;—  
Hail ! happy Clutha ! glad shall I survey  
Thy gilded turrets from the distant way ;  
Thy sight shall cheer the weary traveller's toil,  
And joy shall hail me to my native soil.

June, 1795.

In a letter of June, 1795, one of his correspondents says to him—"We have now three 'Pleasures' by first-rate men of genius, viz., 'Imagination,' 'Memory,' and 'Solitude.' Let us cherish the 'Pleasures of Hope,' that we may soon meet in 'Alma Mater.'" This is the first time that "The Pleasures of Hope" is mentioned. "The Pleasures of Solitude," commemorated in the same sentence, are a few lines enclosed to Campbell, and written by his correspondent. That correspondent was the Rev. Hamilton Paul, afterwards and still minister at Broughton in Peeblesshire, specimens of whose poetry will be found in an interesting volume entitled "The Contemporaries of Burns and the more recent Poets of Ayrshire."\*

Through all Campbell's poetry we find the traces of this residence in the Hebrides. The effect is well described and illustrated by Dr. Beattie, whose own account of Highland scenery is quite admirable. But for this we can only refer to the book, as, within the space to which we must limit our paper, it is quite impossible to give any lengthened quotation. Campbell himself describes Iona and Staffa in one or two letters, but there is nothing peculiar in his account—and we think Dr. Beattie might have not unwisely omitted or greatly abridged these letters. Of the superstitions of the people an amusing instance is given, of which the poet himself was the hero and the historian :—

\*Edinburgh, 1840.

A mile or two from the house where I lived, was a burial-ground on the lonely moor. It was enclosed with an iron railing so high as to be thought unscaleable. I contrived, by help of my handkerchief, to scale the railing, and was soon scampering over the tombs. Some of the natives chanced to see me skipping over the burial-ground. In a day or two after this adventure, I observed the family looking at me with an expression of not angry but mournful seriousness. It was to me unaccountable ; but at last the old grandmother told me, with tears in her eyes, that I could not live long, for that my *wraith* or apparition had been seen. "And where, pray!" "Oh, leaping over the burial-ground!" The good old lady was much relieved by hearing that it was not my *wraith* but myself.

Dr. Beattie had inquiries made at Mull as to any recollections of the poet that might linger there. Nothing was remembered but that he was "a pretty young man." Some local tradition also exists there, that the heroine of his poem, Caroline, was some fair Caroline of that district, and to this opinion his biographer inclines, though he tells us of another Caroline that claims the same distinction. Goethe got into a serious scrape by transcribing the same love verses into the album of more than one young lady ; but we have no evidence that Campbell gave either lady any reason to think that she was the source of his inspiration. We suspect that the Carolines and the Marias of the poets have no earthly representatives—that the golden locks which the poet describes are not in general to be regarded as proving his admiration of red-haired beauties, but rather as his form of escaping from the plain realities of earth—that when we find the place of his residence is in a prose letter described as "only fit for the residence of the damned," and verses of the same date, such as follow :—

Oh, gentle gale of Eden bowers,  
If back thy rosy feet should roam  
To revel with the cloudless hours  
In Nature's more propitious home,  
Name to thy loved Elysian groves  
That o'er enchanted spirits twine,  
A fairer form than cherub loves,  
And let that name be Caroline.

The lady, in such verses, seems to us as unreal as the landscape ; and we regret to say, that the poem called Caroline, though for a considerable time not printed in any of the poet's own editions of his works, has been introduced into the last. It is, we think, wholly unworthy of the poet's reputation.

In the winter of 1796 he returned to Glasgow, to continue attending his classes, and to support himself by private tuition. Among his pupils in this and a former session was one who is described in Campbell's journal, "as a youth named Cuninghame, now Lord Cuninghame in the Justiciary Court of Edinburgh. Grave as he now is, he was, when I taught him 'Xenophon and Lucian,' a fine, laughing, open-hearted boy, and so near my own age, that we were rather like playfellows than preceptor and pupil. Sometimes, in-



deed, I used to belabor him—jocosely alleging my sacred duty as a tutor—but I seldom succeeded in suppressing his risibility.”

Lord Cuninghame's recollections of the period are distinct. “He left on my mind, young as I was, a high impression not only of his talents as a classical scholar, but of the elevation and purity of his sentiments.” He tells us, that in reading Cicero and Demosthenes, he was fond of contrasting their speeches with those of modern orators. He used to repeat Chatham's most impassioned passages in favor of American freedom, Burke's declamation against Warren Hastings, and Wilberforce's description of the “Middle Passage.” In the domestic circle, consisting of Campbell's parents, sisters, and some lodgers, the elder portion of the society were deep haters of democracy and all innovation; Tom Campbell and his brother Daniel were earnest Democrats.

When this session closed, Campbell again went to the Highlands as tutor; Hamilton Paul was similarly occupied in the same neighborhood, and the friends often met. “In the course of the autumn,” says Dr. Beattie, “Campbell and his friend Paul indulged in frequent rambles along the shore of Loch Fyne. They then would climb some rocky precipice to enjoy the landscape at ease, and afterwards enjoy a frugal dinner at the Inverary Arms.” We have Paul's account of their last day of this kind. They dined, by appointment, at the Inverary Arms, with two college friends. All met punctually at the inn-door. All were joyous; “but never did school-boy enjoy an unexpected holiday more than Campbell. He danced, sang, and capered, half frantic with joy. Our friends had to return to the low-country, and we accompanied them across Loch Fyne to St. Katharine's, where we parted; they taking their way to Lochgilphead, while Campbell and I promenaded the shore of the loch to Strachur. The evening sun was just setting behind the Grampians. The wood-fringed shores of the lake—the sylvan scenes around the castle of Inverary—the sun-lit summits of the mountains in the distance—all were inspiring. Thomas was in ecstasy. He recited poetry of his own composition—some of which has never been printed—and then addressed me—‘Paul, you and I must go in search of adventures—you will be Roderick Random, and I will go through the world with you as Strap.’” At Strachur they parted, not without visiting the inn there, and taking a bowl of punch with the landlord. “We parted with much regret. We never saw each other again, until we met at the great public dinner given to him as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow.”

Campbell's letters, from what he calls “the solitary nook,” in which he lived, are dreary enough. They have also the misfortune of being the letters of a man whose time hangs heavy on his hands, and who is always complaining that friends who have demands on their time are not as active correspondents as he could wish. His cause of complaint with the world seems his own

inaction. “The present moments,” he says, “are of little importance to me. I must expect all my pleasure and pain from the remembrance of the past, and the anticipation of the future. \* \* \* I have neat pocket copies of Virgil and Horace, affluence of English poets, a rod and flute, and a choice collection of Scotch and Irish airs.” It would appear that he read diligently for a while, with some hope of making his way to the bar, and afterwards, when want of funds rendered this out of the question, with some view of becoming an attorney, or earning his bread in an attorney's office.

The young poet was in love; and he tells of the enchantment of his evening walks, accompanied by one who “for a twelvemonth past has won my purest but most ardent affection:”

Dear, precious name—rest ever unrevealed,  
Nor pass these lips in holy silence sealed.

He speaks of sending his friend some lately written morsels of poetry. In fact, “The Pleasures of Hope,” playfully alluded to by Hamilton Paul in a letter of the year before, was now seriously commenced.

The Reverend Mr. Wright, Campbell's successor at Downie, has supplied Dr. Beattie with some account of the scenery of this part of the Western Highlands, and of the poet's habits. Everything recorded proves what we have before suggested, that all the elements of Campbell's poetical life were at this time formed; indeed, almost all the subjects which afterwards appeared in succession, and after a late manifestation, were here first presented to his kindling fancy. In the Pilgrim of Glencoe, his last poem of any length, the very house in which he lived is described.

The “*Jacobite white rose*” festooned their door,  
and the inmates

All had that peculiar courtly grace  
That marks the meanest of the Highland race;  
Warm hearts, that burn alike in weal or woe,  
As if the north-wind fanned their bosom's glow.

From a hill above the farm-house which was his residence at Downie, and which was the poet's constant place of resort, “the eye looks down towards the beach, where considerable masses of rock bar all access to the coast; while the vast expanse of the Sound of Jura, with all its varying aspects of tempest and of calm, stretches directly in front of the spectator. The island of Jura forms the boundary of the opposite coast. Far southwards the sea opens in broader expanse towards the northern shores of Ireland, which, in certain states of the atmosphere, may be faintly descried. Northwards, at a much shorter distance, is the whirlpool of Corrieveken, whose mysterious noises may be heard occasionally along the coast.” The pictures in Gertrude of the scenery calculated to affect the Highland emigrant's imagination, were no doubt suggested by what the poet was fond of beholding at this period of his life.

But who is he that yet a dearer land  
Remembers over hills and far away?

Green Albin, what though he no more survey  
Thy ships at anchor on her quiet shore,  
Thy pellocks rolling from the mountain bay,  
Thy lone sepulchral cairn upon the moor,  
And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan  
    roar!

Alas! poor Caledonia's mountaineer!  
That want's stern edict e'er, and feudal grief,  
Had forced him from a home he loved so dear!

It would appear that Campbell's youthful passion was the cause of his leaving Downie. He felt that the business of tuition was insufficient for more than his own support in the very humblest form, and he returned to his father's house. The aspect of things was unchanged there. Letters of mixed good and ill had arrived, telling of the fortunes of the members of the family who had found a home in Virginia, and Thomas thought of going thither to share their fortunes. His love-dream interfered with this; his health, too, was breaking. He had lived too much alone—he had labored too hard at his studies—he had in spirit fought too many battles with the world, which he thought wronged him even by the fact of not knowing of his existence—he had, with the pardonable pride of the poor, imagined intended insult in every word addressed to him by those whom he called aristocrats, and the mind itself seemed likely to be wrecked in the sort of excitement in which he lived—"eating his own heart," doing infinite wrong in imagination to everybody and everything of which he thought, and resenting in the very depths of his nature injuries that he had never suffered. He absolutely saw nothing in its true aspect, and if fever had not supervened, and thus diverted the current of his thoughts, the case must have ended in madness. The injustice which he did the world it is probable never occurred to him. At this very time the greater part of the poem, which was to place him among the great men of England, had been already written. So far from there being any indisposition at any period to acknowledge his merits, they had from the first hour of his connection with the University of Glasgow, been rapturously hailed both by professors and students. The only means that the University had of serving him was taken from them by his determination not to continue engaged in the education of pupils, nor to take orders in the Church. To the first he had an invincible repugnance, and though "the deep-seated impressions of religion which he had received under his father's roof," resumed their sway over his mind in after-life, yet he had at this period adopted opinions incompatible with his taking orders.

When he recovered from fever he went to Edinburgh, and was for a while employed as a copying clerk in an attorney's office, and seems to have thought himself entitled to discourse on the morality of the profession. His earnings seem to have been but a few pence a day, and he left the business—not of attorney, but of mere writing-clerk—with this sounding diatribe: "Well, I have fairly tried the business of an attorney, and

upon my conscience, it is the most accursed of all professions! such meanness—such toil—such contemptible modes of peculation—were never moulded into one profession. It is true there are many emoluments, but I declare to God that I can hardly spend, with a safe conscience, the little sum I made during my residence in Edinburgh." He was fortunately introduced to Dr. Anderson, the editor of the *British Poets*—an exceedingly amiable man, and who, if we may judge by the numberless dedications of volumes of poems to him, was the general patron of any unfriended persons of whose talents he thought favorably. Anderson made out among the booksellers some employment for him, and he was engaged to abridge Bryan Edwards' *West Indies*—his first dealing with the printer's devil.

His earliest published poem, "The Wounded Hussar," was produced at this time, and to this period Dr. Beattie refers "The Dirge of Wallace," which we thought had been written at Altona, some two or three years later. This poem has been reprinted in the American editions of Campbell, but was never admitted into any edition authorized by the poet. Beattie was, therefore, right in printing it. It is quite unequal to Campbell's usual style. There is a boyish accumulation of the stock imagery of "The Tales of Wonder." Ravens, nightmares, matin-bells, and midnight tapers are scattered in waste profusion over the opening of the poem, to the consternation of the English king and the affright of Wallace's wife—nothing can well be worse than all this. What follows is better, and there are some lines worthy of Campbell.

Yet knew not his country that ominous hour

That the trumpet of death on an English tower  
Had the dirge of her warrior sung.

Oh! it was not thus when his ashen spear

Was true to that knight forlorn,  
And hosts of a thousand were scattered like deer,  
At the blast of the hunter's horn;  
When he strode o'er the wreck of each well-fought  
    field,

With the yellow-haired chiefs of his native land;  
For his lance was not shivered on helmet or shield,  
And the sword that was fit for archangel to wield  
    Was light in his terrible hand.

The habits of life at this period, both in the Highlands and at Glasgow, were unfavorable to temperance. In wild districts where there were few inns, the virtue of hospitality required every gentleman to throw his house freely open, and to detain as long as possible, whatever guest might arrive. At Edinburgh and Glasgow men drank till day-break; in the Highlands the sun was shut out till long after mid-day. At college the Glasgow students never met at each other's rooms without "a third companion, in the shape of a black bottle, that exercised no little influence on their discussions." Campbell admired the Celtic character, and was everywhere a welcome guest. Campbell was a diligent student and of social temperament; he lived amid strong temptations,

which he is described as resisting firmly. Dr. Beattie, relating this part of his life, tells us that he lived temperately, and that he was uniformly simple and spare in his diet.

In the next year he migrated to Edinburgh, to seek such bread as it could give to a man of letters. His abridgment of Bryan Edwards was ready for the press. He had received his twenty guineas—the first fruits of the poor trade in which he was about to embark—and he looked for another commission from the publisher. His mornings he proposed to give to attendance on college lectures, and his evenings to the booksellers. A letter of his, written soon after, says—"I have the prospect of employment sufficient for this winter. Beyond that period I dare not hope."

His winter's work for the booksellers was compiling extracts from books of travels for a grammar of geography, "by a society of gentlemen;" hard work, and it gave him a chest complaint, which soon disabled him to make any further exertions in this way. The hope of joining his brothers in America was again indulged, and again disappointed. He now attended pupils and taught Greek and Latin. "In this," he says, "I made a comfortable livelihood, till 'The Pleasures of Hope' came over me. I took long walks about Arthur's Seat, conning over my own (as I thought them) magnificent lines; and as my 'Pleasures of Hope' got on, my pupils fell off." At this time he had already formed the acquaintance of Jeffrey and Brown. With Lord Brougham he was also acquainted. He had relatives in Edinburgh, and his parents joined him in the course of the year.

Dr. Beattie gives an interesting account of the circumstances under which "The Pleasures of Hope" was first published. Anderson succeeded in obtaining for the copyright sixty pounds, and about two hundred copies of the poem, for which Campbell found friends to subscribe. The copyright must have been very profitable to the booksellers, but we are not sure that what was given was as inadequate a price as Campbell afterwards thought. He made some additions to the poem when it came to be reprinted, for which the publishers gave him fifty pounds on each edition of a thousand copies, and they once, at least, allowed him to print a subscription edition for his own exclusive benefit. On the whole, we think they dealt liberally with him. At Dr. Anderson's Campbell became acquainted with Leyden. Leyden and he soon disagreed. They were both disputative; they were both strugglers for bread; and both were seeking distinction in the same circle, and through very much the same means. Leyden's own conduct was often such as to suggest doubts of his sanity, and he seems to have really thought Campbell insane. A story had been circulated in Edinburgh society that Campbell was about to commit suicide when Anderson met him, and diverted him from his purpose, and made arrangements for the publication of "The Pleasures of Hope." Campbell denied the truth of the

story, and believed Leyden to have been the inventor of it, and hence arose between them an irreconcilable feud. Some years afterwards, Sir Walter Scott, who had been first introduced to Campbell by Leyden, repeated to him the poem, of "Hohenlinden." "Dash it, man," said Leyden, "tell the fellow that I hate him; but, dash him, he has written the finest verses that have been published these fifty years." "I," says Scott, "did mine errand as faithfully as one of Homer's messengers, and had for answer, 'Tell Leyden that I detest him; but I know the value of his critical approbation.'"

"When Leyden comes back from India," said Tom Campbell, "what cannibals he will have eaten, what tigers he will have torn to pieces!"\* That Campbell seriously meditated suicide, there is no evidence—evidence abundant there is of his having exhibited such excitement of manner as to have rendered anything he might do not surprising. Mr. Somerville, landscape-painter, lived in the house where Campbell lodged; he saw some fragments of the forthcoming poem, and was astonished at seeing anything "so highly finished and dignified in tone from a youth whose demeanor was so unpretending, and whose ordinary conversation was quaint, queer, desultory, comic, occasionally querulous and sarcastic, but always the reverse of poetical." This led Somerville to watch his eccentric neighbor, and moods of "dark but very transient despondency" occasionally gave him great alarm.

"It often happened," says Somerville, "that he wanted 'to get away from himself.' One night especially, he stalked in, knitting his brows, and without uttering one word, sat himself down before the fire—then, after a while, he took up the poker, and began to trace mathematical figures among the soot on the back of the chimney." In the manner of an insane man he addressed Somerville in insulting language; and, at last, the true pent-up feeling burst out. He had been working at the proofs of his poem till whatever meaning the verses had, or seemed to have, vanished away, and the whole thing appeared to him to be trash. It became torture to him to look at what he had done. "There are days," he added, "when I can't abide to walk in the sunshine, and when I would almost rather be shot than come within the sight of any man, or be spoken to by any mortal! This has been one of those days. How heartily I wished for night."

That night they supped together. We are not sure that Dr. Beattie is right in his statement that Campbell was, at this period of his life, always temperate. They sat up till after one o'clock; and at that hour there seems no probability that they separated, as Somerville says, that about that hour Campbell became wildly merry—regarded it as a settled point that his poem was to make him a great man—fixed how and where he was to live; and his friend regarded him in all this as perfectly in earnest. "I told him," says Somer-

\* Lockhart's *Life of Scott*.



ville, "that he had got a cross of the Spanish Hidalgo in his character. Pride and hauteur shared largely in his composition. He would fire up at the remotest indications of an intentional slight or offence."

Never was a poem subjected to a severer ordeal than "The Pleasures of Hope," while yet in manuscript. Anderson insisted on the jealous correction of every line. The opening altogether dissatisfied him; and the publication was delayed till some happy hour of inspiration might supply something poetical enough for Anderson's scrupulous taste. His own character for discrimination was risked, as he had everywhere praised the poem; and Campbell was actually thrown into a fever by the perpetual efforts at correction imposed on him. At last the opening of the poem, as it at present stands, was hit upon. The original manuscript of the poem is now in the possession of Mr. Patrick Maxwell, of Edinburgh. We trust that in future editions of "The Pleasures of Hope" such variations as the manuscript presents may be communicated to the public.

The poem was instantly successful, and it deserved its instant and great success. Its finished versification, in all probability, aided its immediate impression on the public mind more than it would, had it been published a few years after, when Scott had familiarized the lovers of poetry to the looser ballad rhymes in which his verse-romances were written. There was something in "The Pleasures of Hope" to delight every one; the leading topics of the day were seized on—the Slave Trade—the French Revolution—the Partition of Poland—a number of unconnected pictures were united by a bond which the imagination recognized, and which the judgment did not repudiate; for, distinct as the objects of Hope are, Hope itself is sufficiently one to give a kind of unity to the subject—a unity greater than was felt sufficient for poetical purposes in the case of Akenside's and Rogers' poems. Campbell is said, late in life, to have shed tears while reading the poetry of Goldsmith; and in some of his earliest verses he gives him praise of a kind that shows with what delight he had read the Traveller and the Deserted Village. A stronger proof of this is his unconscious imitation of Goldsmith's forms of expression—his easy, idiomatic style in the description of the familiar scenes of domestic life—and the very cadence of his verses. No young writer's style can be altogether his own; but through Campbell's style, while it is often an echo of Goldsmith's, and yet oftener of Darwin's, there is a distinguishing tone—in some respects superior to that of either. In Darwin everything peculiar is glaring picture of mere sound; where he is best he is most unlike himself. Campbell, when he most reminds us of Darwin, is yet sure to relieve us from the intolerable glare by some appeal to the heart and mind. There is in Darwin a strange confusion, as if sounds were addressed to the eye and colors to the ear, and in all this dealing with the human mind, as influenced through the senses

alone, he does not succeed in either producing music or picture. In Goldsmith we sometimes find repose, and almost languor, where we look for elevation. Campbell, though he can scarcely be said to have the exquisite graces of Goldsmith, even in his happiest passages, rarely allows the spirit of his readers to flag. Open anywhere "The Pleasures of Hope." One of Turner's beautiful engravings, in Moxon's edition of 1843, directs our eye to a passage near the beginning of the poem. The watchman on the moonlit sea is thinking of his home:

His native hills, that rise in happier climes—  
The grot, that heard his song of other times—  
His cottage-home, his bark of slender sail—  
His glassy lake and broomwood-blossomed vale, &c.

These lines surely were the effect of Goldsmith's lines still echoing on the young poet's dreaming ear:

The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,  
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail, &c.

We transcribe a few lines, without saying whether they are from Darwin or from Campbell. Those who have but a general recollection of both poems will, we think, find some difficulty in saying from which poem they are:

Roll on, ye stars! exult in youthful prime;  
Mark with bright curves the printless steps of Time;  
Near and more near your beamy cars approach,  
And lessening orbs on lessening orbs encroach.  
Flowers of the sky, ye too to age must yield,  
Frail as your silken sisters of the field!  
Star after star from heaven's high arch shall rush;  
Suns sink on suns, and systems systems crush,  
Headlong, extinct in one long centre fall,  
And death and night and chaos mingle all!  
Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,  
Immortal nature lifts her changeeful form—  
Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,  
And soars and shines another and the same.

The poem immediately introduced Campbell into whatever literary society there was in Edinburgh. Burns was but three years dead; and the men who hailed the advent of Burns were still living, and disposed to welcome with honor the young poet. Each day increased the popularity of his poem—each day increased the circle of his acquaintances. The Edinburgh booksellers gave him so many new commissions, that there was considerable danger of his becoming little better than a provincial literary hack. The Edinburgh savans and their wives asked him to so many dinners and soirées, that he describes himself as fagged to death, and as unable to fulfil his engagements with the booksellers. He appears to have at once given up, and forever, all notions of studying medicine, which, when he came to Edinburgh, was among his purposes, to make his way to London. As his object was to obtain the means of livelihood among the booksellers, and as the profits of "The Pleasures of Hope" gave him the opportunity, he determined to ramble for a while

through Germany, there to learn something of its language and literature before visiting London. In June, 1800, he went to Newhaven, and then to Leith, from which he and his brother passed over to Hamburgh. He was introduced to Klopstock, whom he describes as "a mild, civil, old man." "Our only intercourse was in Latin." He gave Klopstock a copy of the third edition of "The Pleasures of Hope," and Klopstock made his visit to Germany pleasant by giving him letters of introduction to his friends in other parts of Germany. He proceeded to Ratisbon; a letter to Anderson describes the scenery. We must make room for a sentence.

The journey to Ratisbon was tedious but not unpleasant. The general constituents of German scenery are corn-fields, many leagues in extent, and dark tracts of forests, equally extensive. Of this the eye soon becomes tired; but in a few favored spots there is such a union of wildness, variety, richness, and beauty, as cannot be looked upon without lively emotions of pleasure and surprise. We entered the valley of Heitsch, on the frontier of Bavaria, late in the evening, after the sun had set behind the hills of Saxony. A winding road though a long woody plain leads to this retreat. It was some hours before we got across it, frequently losing our way in the innumerable heaths that intersect each other. At last the shades of the forest grew deeper and darker, till a sudden and deep descent seemed to carry us into another world. It was a total eclipse; but, like the valley of the shadow of death, it was the path to paradise. Suddenly the scene expanded into a broad, grassy glen, lighted from above by a full and beautiful moon. It united with all the wildness of a Scotch glen the verdure of an English garden. The steep hills on either side of our green pathway were covered with a luxuriant growth of trees, where millions of fireflies flew like stars among the branches. Such enchantment could not be surpassed in Tempe itself. I would travel to the walls of China to feel again the wonder and delight that elevated my spirits when I first surveyed this enchanting scene. An incident apparently slight certainly heightened the effect produced by external beauty. While we gazed up to the ruined fortifications that stretched in bold broken piles across the ridge of the mountains, military music sounded at a distance. Five thousand Austrians, on their march to Bohemia, (where the French were expected to penetrate,) passed our carriage in a long broad line, and encamped in a wide plain at one extremity of the valley. As we proceeded on our way, the rear of their army, composed of red cloaks and Pandours, exhibited strange and picturesque groups, sleeping on the bare ground, with their horses tied to trees; whilst the sound of the Austrian trumpets died faintly away among the echoes of the hills.

In all Campbell's poetry there is nothing better—we had almost said nothing so good; and the incidents of actual war which he beheld are described with equal effect. He was hospitably received by the Benedictine monks of the Scottish College of St. James. He describes the splendor and sublimity of the Catholic service, which he probably heard for the first time; and the cathedral music at Ratisbon he speaks of as grand beyond conception.

On the morning before the French entered Ratisbon, a solemn ceremony was held. The passage in the Latin service was singularly apropos to the fears of the inhabitants for siege and bombardment. The dreadful prophecy, "O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem! thou shalt be made desolate," was chanted by a loud single voice from one end of the long echoing cathedral. A pause more expressive than any sound succeeded, and then the whole thunder of the organs, trumpets, and drums broke in. I never conceived that the *terric* in music could be carried to such a pitch.

In the Benedictine monastery of St. James', young Scotchmen were educated for the Roman Catholic priesthood. Its revenues have declined, and the brotherhood, Dr. Beattie tells us, has latterly amounted but to six or seven individuals. They were strongly attached to the interests of the Stuarts; they had for the most part left Scotland at six or seven years of age, and every prejudice of religion and politics was carefully nourished. They and Campbell did not long continue friends. The Jacobite and the Jacobin cannot long hunt in couples. The monks had recommended Campbell to lodgings, where he was robbed by his host or his servants; and when he complained, the monks took part with the native against the stranger. Then came letters home from Campbell, describing the monks as "lazy, loathsome, ignorant, and ill-bred." He tells of one of them attacking him with the most blackguard scurrility, and this in their own refectory.

I never (says Campbell) found myself so carried away by indignation. I flew at the scoundrel, and would have rewarded his insolence had not the others interposed; but prevented as I have been from proceeding to extremities, what I have done is punishable by law, and the wretch has malevolence enough to take advantage of my rashness. O, if I had him at the foot of John's Hill, I would pummel his carotid locks, and thrash him to the gates of purgatory. I saw him to-day. I was on the bridge along with him, and had grasped my yellow stick to answer his first salutation if he had dared to address me, but he slunk past without saying a word.

This scene would have been enough to have separated Campbell from the Scotch monks; but he also speaks of the conversation whenever he went there turning on politics, and with very ignorant men—and both Campbell and the monks were exceedingly ignorant of the actual springs of European politics—it is not surprising that a temper of disputativeness on both sides, which seems inseparable from the blood which both inherited, rendered all society, in any true sense of the word, impossible.

Campbell's pecuniary means now began to fail, and his letters evince increasing gloom; but his was a mind that the slightest gleam of sunshine is sufficient to cheer, and even for his gloom he had then an unfailing resource in the glorious faculty of imagination. An engagement to supply occasional poems to the *Morning Chronicle*, by which he earned some two guineas for each little copy of verses, makes him the happiest of men, and the very incidents that had almost overcome his spirit,

and made his friends fear that melancholy might deepen into insanity, became the subject of his poems. The lines on leaving a scene in Bavaria, are evidence of this. Campbell took advantage of an armistice between Austria and France, to make several excursions into the interior, but when hostilities were renewed, he became apprehensive of personal danger, and returned to Hamburg. He settled for the winter months at Altona. From Altona his communications with the *Morning Chronicle* became frequent. Several of the poems which have been since collected into the authorized editions of his works, appeared for the first time in this form—many of them with his name, and some—for he began to fear that his name appearing too frequently in newspapers might injure his reputation—were printed without his name. Among the latter was “*The Mariners of England*,” and, we believe, “*The Exile of Erin*,” “*Lochiel*,” and “*Hohenlinden*,” at an after period, were first published without the author’s name. Of “*The Exile of Erin*,” we have Campbell’s own account of the origin:—

While tarrying at Hamburg, I made acquaintance with some of the refugee Irishmen, who had been concerned in the rebellion of 1798. Among them was Anthony M’Cann, an honest excellent man—who is still I believe alive—at least I left him in prosperous circumstances in Altona a few years ago.\* When I first knew him, he was in a situation much the reverse; but Anthony commanded respect, whether he was rich or poor. It was in consequence of meeting him one evening on the banks of the Elbe, lonely and pensive at the thoughts of his situation, that I wrote “*The Exile of Erin*.”

The song is to an Irish air, to which more than one set of words had been written in Ireland—resembling Campbell’s in metre, and the general turn of the sentiment. It seems certain that either among the Irish students at Glasgow, or with M’Cann and his associates, Campbell had fallen in with the air, and some one or other of these songs. One of these songs, which is said to have been written in 1792, begins with the words—

Green were the fields where my forefathers dwelt, oh  
Erin mavourneen, slawn lath go bragh;  
Though our farm it was small yet comforts we felt, oh  
Erin mavourneen, slawn lath go bragh;  
At length came the day when our lease did expire,  
And fain would I live where before lived my sire:  
But oh, well a day, I was forced to retire;  
Erin mavourneen, slawn lath go bragh.

Campbell’s acquaintanceship with M’Cann and his other Irish friends was likely to lead him into trouble. Perhaps some feeling of this made him not solicitous to connect his name with the “*Exile of Erin*.” At Ratisbon he knew that his politics were more than suspected. In April he returned, *via* London, to his mother’s, who had during his absence become a widow. While in London he made the acquaintance, chiefly through Perry, of Lord Holland, Mackintosh, Rogers, and others of that class. His stay was short. He returned by

sea. A lady, who travelled by the same vessel, startled him by the information that Campbell the poet had been arrested in London for High Treason, was confined to the Tower, and expected to be executed. This was rather serious. “Coming events cast their shadows before.” When he got to his mother’s, he found her alarmed by similar reports. He at once wrote to the Sheriff of Edinburgh, saying he would wait on him to refute the calumny. Next morning he found the sheriff disposed to deal kindly with him, but believing in his guilt. “Mr. Campbell, I wish you had not come to me; there is a warrant out against you for high treason: you are accused of conspiring with General Moreau in Austria, and with the Irish in Hamburg, to get a French army landed in Ireland. Take my advice, and do not press yourself on my notice.” “Where are the proofs?” “Oh, you attended Jacobin clubs in Hamburg, and you came over from thence in the same vessel with Donovan, who commanded a regiment of rebels at Vinegar Hill.” Campbell insisted on an investigation of the charges. His trunks had been seized at Leith—they were examined for documentary proofs of his treason; among his papers was found a copy of “*Ye mariners of England*.” This was not an hour to say more than was necessary of the authorship of the “*Exile of Erin*.”

The Irish traitors after all were not treated with any great severity. Campbell tells Donovan’s story, which, we dare say, was the story of dozens. At first, things looked bad enough. At Leith he was put into a post-chaise with a king’s messenger, who humanely observed at every high post they passed on the road—“Look up, you Irish rascal, and see the height of the gallows from which you will be dangling in a few days.”

A twelvemonth after, (says Campbell,) I met Donovan in London, and recognized my gaunt Irish friend, looking very dismal. “Ha, Donovan, I wish you joy in getting out of the Tower, where, I was told, they had imprisoned you, and were likely to treat you like another Sir William Wallace.”—“Och!” said he, “good luck to the Tower; black was the day that I was turned out of it. Would that any one would get me into it for life!”—“My stars! and were you not in confinement?”—“Ne’er a bit of it. The government allowed me a pound sterling a-day as a state prisoner. The Tower jailer kept a glorious table; and he let me walk out where I liked all day long, pretty secure that I should return at meal times; and, then, he had a nice, pretty daughter.”—“And don’t you go and see her in the Tower?”—“Why, no, my dear fellow; the course of true love never yet ran smooth. I discovered that she had no money, and she found out that my Irish estates, and all I had told her of their being confiscated in the rebellion, was sheer blarney. So then your merciless government ordered me to be liberated as a state prisoner. I was turned adrift on the wide world, and glad to become a reporter to one of the newspapers.”

While Donovan was living comfortably in the Tower, Campbell was experiencing the Irish adage, that virtue is its own reward. The pov

\* Written in 1837—M’Cann is since dead.



erty of his family had increased. An annuity, which constituted part of their support, had died with his father, and distress stared them in the face. A subscription edition of "The Pleasures of Hope" was the only resource that suggested itself. It is a sad thing to think how much of advantage to society has been lost by no arrangement having been made in Scotland, where all education is conducted by professional teaching—in Scotland, so justly proud of her literary men—for Campbell's support, by connecting him with one of her Universities. In his project of a new edition of "The Pleasures of Hope" Scott and Jeffrey gave him such aid and encouragement as they could; and he went to Liverpool to see what could be done there. From Liverpool he went to London, and seems to have been connected with Lord Minto in some capacity of secretary. In the course of this year (1802) "Lochiel" was written. With the booksellers he contracted for a continuation of Smollett's "History of England," in three volumes, at £100 per volume, which appeared under the title of "Annals of George III." It is an exceedingly useful abridgment, plainly and unambitiously written; and we have found it a work of very convenient reference.

In a poem written in Germany, "ere are some allusions, which Dr. Beattie does not think himself authorized distinctly to explain, to some love-dream which had been floating before the poet's fancy—

Yea, even the name I have worshipped in vain,  
Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again.

And, at the same time, we find some verses which we suppose his cousin Matilda was likely to think very beautiful:—

Oh cherub, Content, at thy moss-covered shrine  
I could pay all my vows, if Matilda were mine.  
If Matilda were mine, whom enraptured I see,  
I would breathe not a vow but to friendship and thee.

This is not very passionate—still it was good enough for the newspaper in which it appeared, and the young lady was not likely to be a severer critic than Mr. Perry or his editor. Campbell, however, does not describe himself as falling in love with Matilda Sinclair for a couple of years after writing these verses; and as more than one political Irishman claims the honor of being the exile of Erin, perhaps some other Matilda was the heroine of these rhymes. The final Matilda, we are told by the poet, was a beautiful, lively, and lady-like woman. She had travelled too; and Campbell's stories of the Rhine and Danube were more than matched by hers of the Rhone and Loire. In Geneva, too, she had learned the art of making the best cup of Mocha in the world; and there was a tradition that the Turkish Ambassador, seeing her at the opera in a turban and feathers, asked who she was; was told she was a Scottish lady; and thereupon said, he had seen nothing so beautiful in Europe. "Her features," says Dr. Beattie, "had much of the Spanish cast; her complexion was dark; her figure graceful, below the middle size; she had great vivacity of

manners, energy of mind, and sensibility, or rather irritability, which often impaired her health." The subscription for Campbell's poems was going on well; the booksellers owed him money for the "Annals," or rather he would be entitled to some when the commission was executed—he had contracted, to be sure, a debt of £200, for which he paid £40 a year interest—and he had in his desk a fifty pound note. The lady's father in vain endeavored to persuade the young people of the madness of marriage in their circumstances. The poet would not listen; the lady did listen; but she got ill from anxiety—and so married they must be and they were.

Early in the next year, it was suggested to Campbell to apply for the Regent's chair in the university of Wilna. The best chance of the poet's success in obtaining the appointment depended on its not being known to those who might be his competitors that he was a candidate. He could not be expected to use the artifices of low intrigue, which, it was to be feared, could alone be successful if the office were thrown open to competition, and the very mention of his name in connection with the appointment would at once have the effect of terminating the kind of engagements with publishers and journalists by which his daily bread was obtained. Passages from "The Pleasures of Hope" were likely to be cited by his opponents on the subject of the partition of Poland, which would at once dispose of his claims. The secret did, in spite of his care to guard it, transpire; and, after some communication with persons connected with the Russian legation, he felt it prudent to retire from the contest.

Campbell's letters at this time, though often written in ill health, and under depressing anxieties, show that his married life was happy. A letter from a young female relation, who was at this time on a visit with them, says, "they were greatly attached. Mrs. C. studied her husband in every way. As one proof, the poet being closely devoted to his books and writing during the day, she would never suffer him to be disturbed by any questions or intrusions, but left the door of his room a little ajar, that she might every now and then have a silent peep at him. On one occasion, she called me to come softly on tiptoe, and she would show me the poet in a moment of inspiration. We stole softly behind his chair—his eye was raised—the pen in his hand, but he was quite unconscious of our presence, and we retired unsuspected."

He thought for a while of Edinburgh for a residence, but London or its neighborhood was the only place where the kind of employment he wanted was to be obtained. He had formed a connection with the *Star* newspaper—we believe, translating matter from the foreign journals—which gave him four guineas a week. He also wrote for Reviews; and he seems to have been anxiously looking round him to purchase a share in some magazine, thinking something might be

made by adding the publisher's profits to those of the literary man. His health, and that of his young family, rendered it desirable to live in the country; and he found a house at a moderate rent at Sydenham Common, from which he rode into town every day. He could scarcely have placed himself in any situation more favorable for health, or for study; and society was, in every sense of the word, good. He could reckon on two hundred a year from the "Star," and the "Philosophical Magazine;" both of which were conducted by the same proprietor. This did little to supply his wants, when out of it, it is considered, he had to keep a horse. He took whatever employment he could get. He wrote a vast deal; "dispirited," he says, "beneath all hope of raising my reputation by what I *could* write, I contracted for only anonymous labor, and, of course, at an humble price." Overwork produced restlessness at night, and the necessity of having recourse to opiates. His Edinburgh friends continued to obtain subscriptions for his poems. Richardson—a friend of his who yet survives, was indefatigable—and Scott was active. There are some letters from Campbell to Scott, in which two or three projects of publishing lives of the British poets, and large editions of their works, in partnership, are suggested; they failed. In one of the letters to Scott, we have the "Battle of Copenhagen," the first form of the "Battle of the Baltic." Some exceedingly spirited stanzas are omitted in the recast, still the second poem is far superior to the first. Dr. Beattie has also given us the opportunity of comparing "Lochiel's Warning" as it now stands with the original draft. The "Battle of Copenhagen" is cut down to a third of its original dimensions. "Lochiel" is amplified by additional incidents, and the pictures are throughout heightened. Both poems are greatly improved; and to young poets, we think, the comparison of these works in their first and in their finished state would be a most useful study.

A letter to Scott, dated October 2, 1805, concludes with the postscript, "*His majesty has been pleased to confer a pension of £200 a year on me. GOD SAVE THE KING.*"

Campbell himself, and other writers who have addressed the public through the various channels of periodical literature, have been the main instruments in creating a public, and thus giving the chance of respectable bread to those who may select this unobtrusive way of communicating instruction. It is probable that the author will at all times be less highly paid than the clergyman or the physician, but that he has the means of living at all, with the ordinary decencies of life, is due to Johnson, above all other men, and, after him, to those who have rendered it impossible that men shall consent to do without intellectual food. There is not a nook in Scotland which is not better for having produced Burns. His poems and Campbell's would not, in all probability, have been published at all, if it were not for local subscriptions. The love of letters, now diffused

everywhere, renders such patronage no longer necessary; and there now is, probably, a stronger feeling against an expedient of the kind than suggested itself to any one in the year 1805. However this be, at the time when Campbell obtained the pension, which, as far as is known, was given by Fox at Lord Holland's solicitation, it did not appear unbecoming to his friends to seek to make some permanent provision for his family, by again publishing a subscription edition of his poems. Horner worked hard for him, and with good success. In a letter to Richardson, Horner says, "It may do you good, among the slaves in Scotland, to let it be known that Mr. Pitt\* put his name to the subscription when he was at Bath, and we hope that most of the ministers will follow him."

With this letter, says Beattie, "closed the year 1805—an eventful year to Campbell. It left him in improved health, with new friends, a settled income, and cheering prospects."

There appears strong reason to believe that Fox did not intend his favors to Campbell to end with the pension. It was small, and it was reduced by taxation and fees of office to £168 a year. Lord Grenville interested himself for him, and his friends thought their success certain, when Fox's death defeated their hopes. It is probable that Fox himself would have felt delight in serving Campbell. Campbell tells of a dinner in company with Fox at Lord Holland's—the poet was charmed with him. "What a proud day," he says, "to shake hands with the Demosthenes of his time—to converse familiarly with the great man whose sagacity I revered as unequalled; whose benevolence was no less apparent in his simple manners and to walk arm-in-arm round the room with him." They spoke of Virgil. Fox was pleased, and said at parting, "Mr. Campbell, you must come and see me at St. Anne's Hill; there we shall talk more of these matters." Fox, turning to Lord Holland, said, "I like Campbell; he is so right about Virgil."

Campbell, we said, rode each day into London. This became fatiguing; there were frequent invitations to dinner parties which could not well be refused. His health was unequal to the slightest excess, and "the foundation was laid for habits, that in after years he found it hard, or even impossible to conquer."

It would appear that the variety of his engagements, and still more the perplexity of his circumstances, prevented his writing any poetry for some two or three years. He looked round him for some German poem to translate, and asked Scott to direct his attention to something in that way. It is fortunate that he found none, as we should probably not have had his Gertrude of Wyoming, which was now commenced.

Among Campbell's most intimate friends at Sydenham was a family of the name of Mayo, and in a letter to one of the ladies of the family he tells her, that in his description of the father

\* Pitt died three weeks after the date of this letter.

of Gertrude, Wynell Mayo, the father of his correspondent, was represented.

He quotes a few lines of the poem from his manuscript, which are not materially altered in the printed copy :—

How reverend was the look, serenely aged,  
Undimmed by weakness, shade or turbid ire,  
When all but kindly fervors were assuaged ;  
Such was the most beloved, the gentlest sire ;  
And though amid that calm of thought entire  
Some high and haughty features might betray  
A soul impetuous once, 't was earthly fire,  
That fled composure's intellectual ray,  
As Ætna's fires grow dim before the rising day.

We regret that Dr. Beattie seems unable to tell us anything about the origin of Gertrude, the most elaborate and the most beautiful of Campbell's works. This is the more provoking, as, from the complexity of the stanza alone, it is impossible that it should not have undergone, in most every line, repeated changes. A passage from La Fontaine's romance of Barneck and Saldorf, is printed by Dr. Beattie, from some fancied resemblance to the story of Gertrude. We have not read La Fontaine's romance, but there is nothing in the passage quoted which would suggest the slightest obligation from either writer to the other, and there is not any evidence that Campbell ever saw La Fontaine's work, which, from the date given by Beattie, would appear to have been printed in Berlin only a year or two before. Between Campbell's poem of Gertrude and Chateaubriand's Atala, there are some points of resemblance—not in the story, but in the general picture of American scenery and of Indian manners. The contrasts of savage and social life are also brought out in very much the same kind of feeling. The "Areouski" and the "Manitous" are, perhaps necessarily, common property ; and the mention of the God to whom the Christians pray, in the same language, does not show more than that each imitates, with such skill as he can, the reputed dialect of the native tribes. The same may, perhaps, be said of "the fever-balm and sweet saganite ;" and the sound of Outalissi, as a name for an Indian warrior, may have equally affected both poets ; but there are resemblances of a different kind, and we think that the study of Chateaubriand, more than anything else, has misled Campbell into the few instances of false painting that surprise us in Gertrude. Chateaubriand's scene is in Florida. This Campbell forgets ; and we suspect that some of the plants and birds of Florida are by this accident brought into Pennsylvania.

The deep untrodden grot,

Where oft the reading hours sweet Gertrude wore,  
was closed by mountains to the east, and open to the west. It was a spot where the native tribes in days of old might perhaps "explore their father's dust, or lift their voice to the Great Spirit"—

Rocks sublime,

To human heart a sportive semblance bore,  
And yellow lichens colored all the clime,  
Like moonlight battlements and towers decayed by time.

But high in amphitheatre above,  
Gay-tinted woods their massy foliage threw ;  
Breathed but an air of heaven, and all the grove  
As if instinct with living spirit grew,  
Rolling its verdant gulfs of every hue.  
And now suspended was the pleasing din—  
Now from a murmur faint it swelled anew,  
Like the first note of organ—heard within  
Cathedral aisles—ere yet the symphony begin.

Chateaubriand's description of the Indian cemeteries, in a passage which we are compelled to quote at length, we cannot but think suggested the passage we have quoted from Campbell.

De-là nous arrivâmes à une gorge de vallée ou je vis un ouvrage merveilleux : c'était un pont naturel, semblable à celui de la Virginie, dont tu a peut-être entendu parler. Les hommes, mon fils, surtout ceux de ton pays, imitent souvent la nature, et leurs copies sont toujours petites ; il n'en est pas ainsi de la nature quand elle a l'air de vouloir imiter les travaux des hommes, mais en leur offrant en effet des modèles. C'est alors qu'elle jet des ponts du sommet d'une montagne au sommet d'une autre montagne, suspend les chemins dans les nues, refond des fleuves pour canaux, sculpte des monts pour colonnes, et pour bassins creuse des mers.

Nous passâmes sous l'arche unique de ce pont, et nous nous trouvâmes devant une autre merveille. C'était le cimetière des Indiens de la Mission, ou les *bocages de la Mort*. Le père Aubry avait permis à ses néophytes d'ensevelir leurs morts à leur manière et de conserver à leur sépulture son nom sauvage. Le sol en était divisé, comme le champ commun des moissons, en autant de lots qu'il y avait de familles. Chaque lot faisait à lui seul un bois, qui variait selon le goût de ceux qui l'avaient planté. Un ruisseau serpentait sans bruit au milieu de ces bocages ; on l'appelait le *ruisseau de la paix* ; ce riant asile des âmes était fermé à l'orient par la pont sous lequel nous avions passé : deux collines le bornaient au septentrion et au midi : il ne s'ouvrait qu'à l'occident ou s'élevait un grand bois des sapins. Les troncs de ces arbres, rouges, marbrés de vert, montant sans branche jusqu'à leur cime, ressemblaient à de hautes colonnes, et formaient le peristyle de ce temple de la Mort. Dans ce bois régnoit un bruit religieux semblable au sourd mugissement d'une église Chrétienne : mais lorsqu'on pénétrait au fond du sanctuaire on n'entendait plus que les hymnes des oiseaux, qui célébraient à la mémoire des morts une fête éternelle.

The remarkable expression of the forests rolling their "verdant gulfs," we have in another passage :—

J'entraînai la fille de Simagham aux pieds des côteaues, que formaient des golfes de verdure, en avançant leur promontoires dans la savane.

In Campbell's description of Pennsylvanian scenery minute inaccuracies have been shown, but in the descriptions of terrestrial paradise this is a permitted license, and the general effect is true. An American who met him at Dr. Beattie's in 1840, told him it was as true to nature as if written on



the spot. "I read," said Campbell, "every description I could find of this valley and could lay hands on, and saw several travellers who had been there. I should wish to see it, but am too old to undertake the voyage, and yet I don't like the idea that I am too old to do anything I wish. My heart is as young as ever." His American friend told him of a pilgrimage that he and others were led to make to the spot, from their admiration of Campbell's genius. "It was autumn, and the quiet shores of the lake were bathed in the yellow light of Indian summer. Every day we wandered through the primeval forests, and, when tired, we used to sit down under their solemn shade, among the falling leaves, and read 'Gertrude of Wyoming.' It was in these thick woods, where we could hear no sound but the song of the wild birds, or the squirrel cracking his nuts, away from the busy world, that I felt the power of Campbell's genius." Campbell took his hand, pressed it, and said—"God bless you, sir, you make me happy, although you make me weep. This is more than I can bear. It is dearer to me than all the praise I have had before—to think that in that wild American scenery I have had such readers. I will go to America yet." When they parted, Campbell gave him a copy of the illustrated edition of his poems. "Take it with you," were his words, "and if, with your 'Gertrude,' you ever go again to the valley of Wyoming, it may be a pleasure to her to hear you say, 'Campbell gave me this.'"

Some fourteen or fifteen years after the publication of *Gertrude*, Campbell found himself engaged in a correspondence with the son of Brandt, the Indian chief, who was represented by the poet as the leader of a savage party, whose ferocity gave to war more than its own horrors. Campbell had abused him, almost in the language of an American newspaper.

The mammoth comes, the foe, the monster Brandt—  
With all his howling desolating band.

It was rather a serious moment when a gentleman, with an English name, called on Campbell, demanding, on the part of the son of Brandt, some explanation of this language, as applied to his father. A long letter from Campbell is printed in Stone's "Life of Brandt," addressed to the Mohawk chief, *Ahyonualgs*, commonly called John Brandt, Esq., of the Grand River, Upper Canada, in which he states the various authorities which had misled him into the belief of the truth of the incidents on which his notion of Brandt's character was founded, and which it seems misrepresented it altogether. It was no doubt a strange scene, and the poet could with truth say, and with some pride, too, that when he wrote his poem, it was unlikely that he should ever have contemplated the case of the son or daughter of an Indian chief being affected by its contents. He promises in future editions to correct the involuntary error; and he does so, by saying in a note, that the "Brandt" of the poem is a pure and declared character of fiction. This does not satisfy Mr. Stone's sense of justice, who

would have the tomahawk applied to the offending rhyme, and who thinks anything less than this is a repetition of the offence. Beattie ought to have published the correspondence.

The next poem of Campbell's was O'Connor's Child. "The theme," says Dr. Beattie, "was suggested by seeing a flower in his own garden, called 'Love lies bleeding.'" Beattie, in communicating this information, uses inverted commas, but does not say whether he gives us the poet's words or not, and we should wish to know the fact, as it would in some degree affect our estimate of the poem. Nothing can be more perfect than this poem is throughout. In one or two passages of "The Pleasures of Hope," and in a few wild words at the close of the "Battle of the Baltic," the students of Campbell's poetry might be prepared for lines expressive of what Schiller, or one of his translators calls, "the fancifulness of despair."\*

Let us think of them that sleep,  
Full many a fathom deep,  
By thy wild and stormy steep,  
Elsinore.

Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave!  
While the billow mournful rolls,  
And the mermaid's song condoles,  
Singing glory to the souls  
Of the brave!

The wildness of the fancies through the whole poem—the leading thought of her lover's death everywhere reappearing, and linked with the flower that first grew upon his grave, is, we think, almost more beautifully conceived, and more beautifully expressed, than anything we know in English poetry. The old fancies of the hyacinth and Shakspeare's little western flower—"before milk-white, now purple with love's wound"—fade into nothingness before it.† Campbell himself has been known to say that he preferred "O'Connor's Child" to any other of his poems. It was, he said, rapidly written—the work of a fortnight. In the illustrated edition of the poems, there are two misprints, which, as they alter the meaning, we had better point out. One is—

And I behold, Oh God! Oh God!  
His life-blood oozing from the sod.

\* See a translation of the "Kindesmörderinn" in Merivale's Schiller.

† A fancy of the same kind now and then appears in the old ballads or poems published as such. In a Jacobite song of 1745, printed in Cromek's Remains, we have the lines:—

My father's blood's in that flower tap,  
My brother's in that harebell's blossom:  
This white rose was steeped in my love's blood,  
And I'll aye wear it in my bosom.

For Shakspeare's "little western flower," the reader who has the opportunity of referring to Halpin's "Essay on the Vision of Oberon," published by the Shakspeare Society, or Craik's "Romance of the Peerage," will probably receive great pleasure and instruction from their examination of the allegory. We do not say that we quite agree with them, or either of them. Craik's "Romance of the Peerage" is a most important and valuable addition to our historical literature. Much of it is drawn from sources hitherto neglected, or very imperfectly explored.

The other is—

Dragged to that hated mansion back,  
How long in thralldom's grasp I lay  
I knew not, for my soul was black,  
And knew no change of night or day.

In the first, the word printed "behold" should be *beheld*—in the other, the word "knew" should be *know*. In both, a meaning inconsistent with the general feeling of the passage is unfortunately suggested.

We cannot follow Dr. Beattie in narrating how the means of life were made out by Campbell. He lectured—he published specimens of the poets, accompanied with criticisms, always sensible, often acute; but his prose has no abiding life. It did its day's work. Letters from Paris, which he visited in 1814, are printed. They contain little more than his impressions about works of art, with the principles of which he was not sufficiently acquainted to justify us in transcribing what he says—and his opinion of Mrs. Siddons, which he afterwards worked into a sort of trade life of her. In 1821, he undertook the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, which he continued for nine or ten years. At the end of this time, he found himself in the publisher's debt, and felt obliged to look round him for employment of the same kind. He became editor of the "*Metropolitan Magazine*," and soon after, Rogers lent him five hundred pounds to purchase a share in the *Metropolitan*. The money had a narrow escape, as the bankruptcy of some copartner occurred at the time. Rogers had refused taking any security, but Campbell insured his life, and had some deed executed that gave Rogers rights against whatever property he had. Campbell, though always a struggling man, seems to have been anxious that his improvidence should not injure his friends. To his own family—his mother and sisters, his generosity was very great.

The book contains some very painful scenes, on which we do not think it desirable to enter. Of two children of his marriage, one died in infancy; the other was, during his father's life, in such doubtful health as to render it necessary that he should live at a distance from home under medical care. Campbell felt it necessary to live in London, and he felt it necessary to allow himself to be made chairman of Polish clubs, and to preside at patriotic dinners. This brought him acquainted with strange companions, whom it was not at all times possible to get rid of. Dr. Beattie tells us of some affecting scenes, when the broken-hearted man was thoughtlessly reproached at his own table by a guest who thought the host had taken too much wine, and who ought himself either not to have taken any, or not stopped at what is not inappropriately called the cross drop.

In the cause of education Campbell was at all times an enthusiast. To him, above all others, is to be ascribed the origination and success of the London University. His election to the Rectorship of Glasgow University was the most gratifying incident of his life, and it resulted in permanent advantages to that institution.

Campbell resided for a while at St. Leonard's, and afterwards settled in London. These were moments of great pecuniary difficulty and embarrassment; but towards the close of life, and at the moment when such relief was most seasonable, additions came to his income by some two or three legacies. In one instance, the sum that seemed providentially sent came in vain, for without waiting to consult any one, he laid it out in an annuity for his own life, which lasted for little more than a year after this transaction.

His wife had been some years dead. There is some obscure intimation of his making some overtures towards a second marriage, which failed. He was fond, passionately fond, of children, and it occurred to him that one of his nieces—a girl of some thirteen or fourteen years of age—might come from Scotland to be his housekeeper. He was to teach her French. His only son was sufficiently provided for; and the poet promised her parents to leave her whatever little property he might have at his death.

In one respect alone are we dissatisfied with Dr. Beattie's book. In every line of it there breathes the strongest affection towards the poet, and yet, how, where, or when their intimacy commenced, the book gives us no information whatever. For many of the latter years of Campbell's life, Dr. Beattie was his most anxious friend, and we believe it is in the strictest sense of the word true, that but for him that life must have closed long before it did. Campbell removed to Boulogne in September, 1843. Every object of his removal was disappointed. He found the place scarcely cheaper than that which he left; he found the climate worse; he had all the trouble and expense of a removal. He fixed plans of study, and tried to execute them. The custom-house regulations interfered with his receiving English books. He would, when weary of reading, diversify the day by conversation; but where were his old friends? "Home-sickness," says his kind physician, "was on him."

He sought to write to his friends, but his letters became few and short; still they were cheerful. At last, a letter from his niece brought over Dr. Beattie. When he arrived, he found a sister of charity assisting her in attending on the dying poet. When Beattie was introduced into his chamber, he complained of chilliness—morbid chilliness. He held out his hand, and thanked Beattie, and the other friends who had come to assist him.

This was June the 4th. On the 6th he was able to converse more freely; but his strength had become more reduced, and on being assisted to change his posture, he fell back in the bed insensible. Conversation was carried on in the room in whispers; and Campbell uttered a few sentences so unconnected, that his friends were doubtful whether he was conscious or not of what was going on in his presence, and had recourse to an artifice to learn. One of them spoke of the poem of *Hohenlinden*, and pretending to forget the au-

thor's name, said he had heard it was by a Mr. Robinson. Campbell saw the trick, was amused, and said playfully, but in a calm, distinct tone, "No; it was one Tom Campbell." The poet had—as far as a poet can—become for years indifferent to posthumous fame. In 1838, five years before this time, he had been speaking to some friends in Edinburgh on the subject. "When I think of the existence which shall commence when the stone is laid above my head, how can literary fame appear to me—to any one—but as nothing. I believe, when I am gone, justice will be done to me in this way—that I was a pure writer. It is an inexpressible comfort, at my time of life, to be able to look back and feel that I have not written one line against religion or virtue." The next day swelling of the feet appeared. In answer to an inquiry, he replied, with a remarkable expression of energy, "Yes, I have entire control over my mind. I am quite"—Beattie lost the last word, but thinks it was "resigned." "Then, with shut eyes, and a placid expression of countenance, he remained silent but thoughtful. When I took leave at night, his eyes followed me anxiously to the door, as if to say, 'Shall we meet to-morrow?'" Dr. Beattie's journal records a few days passed like the last. Religious feeling was, as the closing scene approached, more distinctly expressed. Beattie was thinking of the lines in *THE LAST MAN*, when he heard with delight the dying man express his belief "in life and immortality brought to light by the Saviour."

This spirit shall return to Him  
Who gave the heavenly spark;  
Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim  
When thou thyself art dark!  
No! it shall live again, and shine  
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,  
By Him recalled to breath  
Who captive led captivity—  
Who robbed the grave of victory,  
And took the sting from death.

"To his niece he said, 'Come, let us sing praises to Christ:' then, pointing to the bedside, he added, 'Sit here.' 'Shall I pray for you?' she said. 'Oh yes,' he replied; 'let us pray for each other.'"

The liturgy of the Church of England was read; he expressed himself "soothed—comforted." "The next day, at a moment when he appeared to be sleeping heavily, his lips suddenly moved, and he said, 'We shall see \* \* to-morrow,'—naming a long departed friend." On the next day he departed without a struggle.

This was the 15th of June; on Thursday, the 27th, he was interred in Westminster Abbey, in a new grave, in the centre of Poets' corner. Among the mourners in the funeral procession were the Duke of Argyll, and other representatives of the house of Campbell; Sir Robert Peel and Lord Strangford. Lord Brougham was there, and Lockhart and Macaulay. A monument is

projected to his memory, and on the committee are Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel.

Among Dr. Beattie's recollections of the poet's conversations a year or two before, he tells of the emphasis with which he repeated Tickell's lines on the burial of Addison. "Lest I should forget them," Dr. Beattie adds, "he sent me a copy of them next day in his own handwriting." With these lines, from one of the most affecting poems in the language, we close our notice of a book in many respects honorable to its author; in none more than in his anxious wish to conceal the faults and to vindicate the memory of his distinguished friend.

Can I forget the dismal night that gave  
My soul's best part forever to the grave?  
How silent did his old companions tread,  
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead!  
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things;  
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of  
kings!  
What awe did the slow, solemn knell inspire—  
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir!  
The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid,  
And the last words that "dust to dust" conveyed.  
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,  
Accept those tears, thou dear departed friend.  
Oh, gone forever! take this last adieu,  
And sleep in peace.

#### LOVE NEVER SLEEPS.

LOVE never sleeps! The mother's eye  
Bends o'er her dying infant's bed;  
And as she marks the moments fly,  
When death creeps on with noiseless tread,  
Faint and distressed she sits and weeps,  
With beating heart. Love never sleeps.

Yet e'en that sad and fragile form,  
Forgets the tumults of her breast;  
Despite the horrors of the storm,  
O'erburdened nature sinks to rest;  
But o'er them both another keeps  
His midnight watch. Love never sleeps.

Around—above—the angel bands  
Stoop o'er the careworn sons of men;  
With pitying eyes and eager hands  
They raise the soul to hope again.  
Free as the air their pity sweeps  
The storm of Time! Love never sleeps.

Around—beneath—and over all,  
O'er men and angels, earth and heaven,  
A higher bends! the slightest call  
Is answered, and relief is given,  
In hours of woe, when sorrow steep  
The heart in pain. He never sleeps.

**THE BEST FRIEND.**—The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.—*Lessing*.



From Chambers' Journal.

## THE WARREN.

SOME years ago I received an invitation from a lady, whom I shall call Mrs. Estcourt, to accompany her to the quiet and picturesque bathing-place of W—; an invitation which was doubly pleasing to me, not only because I had a great regard for Mrs. Estcourt, but because, within five miles of W—, there resided a family with whom I had formerly passed many happy weeks, and whose long-tried friendship made this prospect of being so near them most delightful. Mrs. Estcourt had been a widow about five years; and at the period of which I speak she was little more than thirty. At an early age she had been married to a man considerably her senior, yet her marriage had been a most happy one; and although she was not disconsolate on her husband's death, she truly mourned his loss. Smiles, betokening perfect contentment, at length denoted that the widow's grief was over, when I accompanied her to W—. She was very beautiful in person, and fascinating in manner. Perhaps strangers might think her a little too merry-hearted, considering her position; but I, who well knew her innate goodness and sound sense, thought her clear, pleasant laugh the most exhilarating sound in the world. She had already received more than one offer of marriage during her widowhood; nor is this surprising, considering her attractions, not to mention the fact, that her late husband had left her one thousand pounds a year. But Mrs. Estcourt turned a deaf ear to the voice of the charmer, charmed he ever so wisely; and in the full enjoyment of her hobby—for she had one, and that a singular one, perhaps, for a lady—her days flowed peacefully on; and it was partly for the further indulgence of this hobby that she selected W— as the place of sojourn for the summer, it being a favorite resort of the conchologist and mineralogist.

Mrs. Estcourt had studied conchology enthusiastically for some years, and she had a very pretty collection of shells. An indefatigable shell-gatherer she proved at W—; and on my mentioning that the son of those old friends, whose residence was within a few miles, was learned in like lore, and had an excellent museum of natural curiosities, she became eager for an introduction, and speedily drove me over to the Warren in her low pony phaeton. After traversing dreary hills and waste tracts of land, while listening to the sullen booming of the ocean, it was cheering to arrive at this low, rambling, but substantial dwelling, inhabited by Mr. and Mrs. Bovell, and their son Mr. Matthew. The traveller had need to arrive at an early hour of the evening, for soon after the curfew bell tolled, all the lights in the mansion were extinguished, and the family retired to rest; while long before daylight in winter, and with sunrise in summer, were the household again astir. This consisted of farm and household domestics; the husbandmen strictly fulfilling their appointed duties, according to the most approved rules and regulations of past centuries, no new-fangled systems being listened to or toler-

ated by Mr. Bovell; while the maidens assembled round their industrious mistress, with spinning-wheels, or other thrifty employments, each day after the morning bustle and the noon meal were over. At this meal the master, mistress, their son, and all the servants, out-door and in, dined at the same table, the only distinction being, that a lower place was occupied by the subordinates. Nor was this usage ever deviated from or omitted, let who might be the guest. In a capacious hall, with low rafters, and wainscoting black from age, the table was daily spread for dinner, at an hour when some of us, calling ourselves busy folks too, are sitting down to breakfast. There was a yawning chimney in this old hall, with cosy nooks beside it; and, protected by a folding-screen, Mrs. Bovell's own little tea-table stood ensconced here each afternoon. But when any lady visitor came to the Warren, there was a fire lit in the parlor, whose bay window looked on the gay flower-garden. In this room, fitted up with snowy dimity, bound with green silken fringe, and decorated with antique engravings, the subjects taken from passages in the Sacred Writings, it was very pleasant to drink tea at three o'clock; when the cream and the butter, the home-made bread, hot and cold, plumcake and conserves, and last, though not least, the finest Hyson, brewed in the quaintest of teapots—filagreed and profusely ornamented was this silver heirloom—rendered that meal, after a long walk or a windy ride, singularly novel and refreshing.

The tea-table was presided over by the kindest and dearest of busy, cheerful, talkative old ladies, in the person of Dame Bovell, attired in brocade and ruffles, high-heeled shoes, and a coiffure with powdered roll surmounting her high forehead. Then in marched Squire Bovell, clad in russet gray of ample cut, with ponderous silver buckles in his shoes, and a well-curled wig on his fine old pate. He, indeed, professed to declaim against tea; nevertheless, two or three tiny china cups (for the best blue and gold was always used in the parlor) had to be replenished one after another, as the contents disappeared in his hands; but it was to keep "Son Matthew" company, said the squire, for Matthew was an inveterate tea-drinker—twelve or fourteen of these fairy bowls full being his "parlor allowance."

Mr. Matthew Bovell was an only child, and at the time alluded to, a bachelor of forty years of age. He took some part in the farming operations with which the yeoman squire amused himself, for farming was rather an amusement to Squire Bovell than pursued as a mode of gaining his livelihood; for the lands were hereditary, and he was reputed wealthy. But Mr. Matthew was not an idle man, even in his leisure hours, of which he had many—they being principally passed in explorations for miles around the adjacent country, bearing in hand a basket and hammer, with which latter implement he demolished innumerable flints, and dug into chalk-beds. In short, he was a geologist, adding to this the study of conchology and antiquarian lore in general; and it was his wont to exhibit, as the

pride of his museum, a large flint, hollowed in the centre, which he had found and broken. Mysterious hints he threw out concerning the existence of a toad, whose home, for unimaginable ages, had been within its flinty bosom, until liberated by him. A collector of shells and minerals also was Mr. Matthew; through summer heat and winter cold he wended his way over the hills, and across the downs, home by a circuitous route, laden with trophies and natural curiosities.

With a clumsy exterior and heavy countenance he combined a cold, sarcastic manner, which did not tend to render him popular with the fair sex: he was, indeed, vilified as a regular woman-hater, though his supreme indifference was, perhaps, even more unbearable than downright contumely: there were rumors afloat that in early life he had been unworthily treated by a fair but fickle damsel, and hence his antipathy to the whole race of young ladies. He was an affectionate, dutiful son, and beneath a repelling exterior, concealed as kindly and generous a heart as ever beat in human bosom; and in the midst of many cynical tirades, a merry word from his beloved mother brought forth a smile which lit up his clouded countenance, and astonished the beholder; for the smile was very sweet, and utterly changed his whole aspect, displaying at the same time a rare set of the whitest ivory teeth: few and far between were these smiles, and none save his mother had hitherto owned the power of conjuring them up. Therefore, when Mrs. Estcourt became a constant visitor at the Warren, and evidently delighted in all its antiquated yet novel customs, and Mr. Matthew became her constant companion in explorations and shell-gatherings, "wonders never will cease," thought I; but when she actually approached the stern Mr. Matthew with badinage, and playfully gave herself pretended airs, commanding him *here*, and ordering him *there*, and the white teeth and the sweet smile were visible in consequence, his mother, who had more than once noted these proceedings, was silent from amazement! She taxed him with having "rubbish" in his museum, and he bore *that* very well, and asked her to help him in re-arranging it; she called him a "dirty old bachelor," for not suffering the accumulated cobwebs to be cleared away from its walls and ceiling, and mops and brooms were in requisition by his orders next day; she dined at eleven, and drank tea at three; span with Dame Bovell—it was long ere she was clever at the spinning-wheel—and was a perfect pet and darling of the hearty old squire.

But suddenly there was a change in the pleasant aspect of affairs: Mr. Matthew became reserved, and absented himself from the Warren when Mrs. Estcourt was there; and when obliged to be in her society, his sarcasm and coldness of demeanor towards her more than once brought tears into her beautiful eyes, though no individual but myself witnessed this betrayal of wounded feeling. I made my own secret comments on the circumstance; and when Mrs. Estcourt called Mr. Matthew "a bear," and exclaimed that "she hated him," I had strong

doubts that she did not adhere to truth; nor did my doubts rest here, for I also opined that the liking between this pair of opposites was mutual. I knew enough of Matthew Bovell's character to be quite sure that Mrs. Estcourt's possession of one thousand a year (a fact which he had only latterly been acquainted with) would entirely preclude his approach in the guise of a suitor, even where such a fact as Mr. Matthew "going a-wooing" within the bounds of credibility. "For," said I, "he considers mercenary motives so unworthy and dishonorable, that sooner than lay himself open to the bare suspicion of being actuated by such, he would sacrifice any hopes, however dear to him."

"Do you *really* think this is the case?" said Mrs. Estcourt, musingly; "and do you *really* think he cares for me in the least?"

It is unnecessary to give my answer here, or the conversation which ensued, ending with much laughing on both sides, and a wager between us of six dozen pair of the finest French kid gloves, depending on the solution of an enigma which we read in different ways. A few days after, we separated, Mrs. Estcourt being suddenly called away to attend the sick-bed of a dear and aged relative, and I to take up my temporary abode at the Warren, whither I had been kindly invited. Mr. Matthew was more taciturn than ever, more energetic in his geological discoveries, and even Dame Bovell's winsome, cheery ways, failing to bring the much-wished-for smile: the squire lamented the loss of his merry favorite; and I was waiting for what I considered a good opportunity, in order to test the strength of my cause, on which depended the weighty bet of the French gloves. I had been a guest at the Warren for a week, and I had heard from Lucy Estcourt of her relative's death—one who had been entirely dependent on her bounty for support; when, for the first time since my arrival, Mr. Matthew took his place by the chimney-corner at his mother's tea-table, behind the comfortable folding-screen. "I have had a letter from your ally and friend, Mr. Matthew," said I: "you do not even ask after her."

"Pray to whom do you allude?" answered he, reddening a little, I thought: "*friends* are not so plentiful in this world that we need forget them."

"I speak of Mrs. Estcourt: she used to be such a favorite of yours; and now you appear to forget her entirely."

"I am sure, my dear, *none* of us forget her," broke in the worthy dame; "for she is the kindest, prettiest, merriest little soul that ever brought sunshine to the old Warren. I only do hope that no needy adventurer will impose on her goodness, and marry her for the sake of her fortune."

"That is impossible," returned I; "as, in the event of her marrying a second time, she loses the whole of her jointure; and whoever takes her to wife receives a *peniless bride*."

Mr. Matthew was in the act of carrying a cup of tea to his lips as I distinctly pronounced these words; he gave a start; there was a sudden snash; and Dame Bovell exclaimed, "Goodness

a' mercy on me, son Mat., what is the matter? It is a blessed thing that we are not in the parlor, or one of the blue and gold would have gone instead of this Wedgewood white and red."

And as the old lady stooped to gather the fragments with my assistance, "Son Matthew" darted from the hall, saying in a whisper to me as he passed, "Do walk in the flower-garden presently; I wish to speak a few words to you."

The squire, who had been toiling through a county paper, spectacles on nose; looked up on hearing the commotion, with a loud "Whew! It is twenty years ago since I saw Mat. so skittish; and that was when fair Emma Norden jilted him. What is in the wind now?"

But although I might have said that it was a gentle southern breeze, bringing sweet hopes, thoughts, and wishes in its train, I held my peace; for explanation was premature, even had I had any to offer; assurance, and my own private convictions, must be made doubly sure ere I ventured to claim my wager from Lucy Estcourt.

Any one who had seen Mr. Matthew and myself sauntering round that quiet garden, until the evening dews began to fall, busily conversing, and deeply engrossed with our conversation, might perchance have suspected that I was the courted, and *he* the wooer, despite my green specs and rotund proportions. I could scarce help smiling at seeing the cold, sarcastic Mr. Matthew transformed into the timid, almost despairing lover; for it is said that timidity ever goes hand in hand with true love.

"How dared he presume to think of her, so beautiful and superior a creature in all respects! What had *he* to offer in exchange for *her* priceless hand? He could not even make amends, in a pecuniary point of view, for the fortune she must lose in the event of her marrying again. Besides, *he* was such a stupid, awkward fellow; and yet he loved her—oh! so dearly; and she was so kind and good, did I think he might venture to address her! She could but refuse him."

Very guardedly I hinted, in answer to these disjointed exclamations, that it was just probable he would *not* be rejected; on hearing which, the sedate Mr. Matthew seized my hand, and carried it to his lips, appearing transported to the seventh heaven. That night, ere I retired to rest, I wrote the following billet to my friend:—

"DEAR LUCY—As the Smiths are now in Paris, you had better commission them to bring over the six dozen gloves; as I claim my wager, and prefer genuine articles.—Yours, &c."

The bridegroom-elect was curious to know what our wager was about; but as I thought the knowledge might render him presumptuous, I declined answering any questions; however, the secret was speedily won from Lucy herself, and was no less than this:—Mrs. Estcourt had continued to express her conviction that Mr. Matthew "did not care for her; she was too light and frivolous to please him; he evidently disliked and avoided her." I, on the contrary, insisted that

such was not the case; and pointed out to her that it was only since he had learned how wealthy she was in comparison to him that the change observable had arisen. She then gave me full permission to reveal the truth of her situation, which was only known to her intimate friends, laughingly declaring that she would risk the afore-named wager, and cheerfully pay it a thousand times over, if I succeeded in proving that she was loved for *herself alone*. "Not that I think for one moment," added she gravely, "that Matthew Bovell would value my hand an iota more could it confer *ten* thousand a year on him, instead of *one*; but I think *with* or *without* money—he is so superior to me, indeed to all mankind—he would scarcely make choice of one so unworthy as myself for his helpmate."

When I heard her speak in this way, I became assured that their union must tend to their mutual happiness; nor have I erred in judgment; for they are, and ever have been, the happiest couple in the world!

Many and many times I heard the exclamation, on Mrs. Estcourt's approaching second marriage, of "Well, wonders never cease; but there is no accounting for taste, certainly." And I must confess that I had sometimes marvelled at her choice. But how sweet were the tears of respect and gratitude which she shed as a tribute to the memory of her first husband—the firm friend who had so earnestly desired to secure her future happiness—when, on her marriage morning, the intelligence was conveyed in due form that she had not forfeited her jointure; the proviso having been made solely with the end in view, which she had attained—namely, "gaining the disinterested love of an honest man!" And when I heard these words read, I almost felt ashamed of myself for having joined with the multitude in their unthinking exclamations.

This gay and pretty creature contentedly established herself at the old Warren, falling into all the out-of-the-world customs and habits of the antiquated owners; geologizing with her husband, whose white teeth displayed themselves incessantly; reading news to the squire, who made "a little fool of her," Matthew fondly said; and spinning heartily with the dame, whose admiration and love for her daughter exceeded all bounds.

Squire Bovell and his worthy helpmate have long since departed, and newer fashions have usurped the place of the old ones at the Warren; for many young voices ring through the ancient chambers now, and many frolic feats are performed in the low raftered hall, the folding-screen serving as a charming refuge for "hide-and-seek." They are the most beautiful children I ever saw—full of health and joy; and Matthew says "they are the best dispositioned and cleverest to be found on earth."

A new wing has been added to the mansion, so that Lucy has a pleasant drawing-room in addition to the "lavendered" parlor, though in the former



still the "blue and gold" are used on "high days and holidays." There is also an airy suite of nursery apartments, and Matthew seems to like them better than his "sanctum" itself.

From Chambers' Journal.

#### A VISIT TO THE WESTERN GHAUTS.

NOT even steam, that link which now so closely connects the dwellers in the far East with the progress and sympathies of their countrymen, has so much conduced to the improvement and comfort of India as the sanitary stations on the different ranges of hills which have of late years been obtained by the English, and which afford the possibility of renovating, in a pure mountain air, the health, strength, and energy that wither under a tropical sun. On the western side of India, these "mountains of refuge" are called the Mahableshwur Ghauts, and are near to, and indeed formerly made part of, the rajahship of Sattarah. During a recent residence in the Bombay presidency, I had the pleasure and benefit of making an excursion thither; and it has occurred to me that a sketch of this pilgrimage to the "hill country" may not be unwelcome to some of the readers of these pages.

We left Bombay about the end of March, eager to escape the intense heat, already succeeding to the delicious temperature of the winter months; and crossing the harbor in a *bunder-boat*, proceeded up the Negôtnah river to the village of the same name. Servants had preceded us thither with "provant," as Captain Dalgetty would have called it; and we took up our abode for the night at the traveller's bungalow, a wretched substitute for the cosy inn or elegant hotel of Europe, being little better than a barn, and very scantily furnished. It was sunset when we arrived; we had therefore little opportunity of seeing the surrounding country and villages, as night in India speedily follows an almost imperceptible twilight. Having little to amuse us in the bungalow, we retired early to rest; a measure the more necessary as we were to commence our journey next morning at four o'clock, in order to avoid travelling in the heat of the sun.

An hour before daybreak we were summoned to resume our travels. Let not the idea of such an unseasonable hour suggest visions of the chilly discomfort attending on it in our own country. Nothing could be more exquisite than the air and the scene when we issued from the bungalow. The breeze, though comparatively fresh, was balmy, and the purple sky resplendent with stars. Jupiter, the lord of the ascendent, cast a line of light over the river, and hung like a globe of lucid silver from the heavens. The carriages that were to convey us to Mahr belonged to the post-office, and would have been tolerably comfortable vehicles, but for the height of the seats, which must have been intended for people at least six feet high. As there was a basket at the bottom of ours, well covered with palm-leaves, I took the liberty of using it as a stool, till at our first pause to change

horses, one of the parsees—who, by the way, had gained, from his excessive politeness, the sobriquet of Count D'Orsay—approached, and with a profound bow gently insinuated "that it was not *good* for the Ma'am Sahib to sit with her feet in the butter!" As I found it was designed for our breakfast, I agreed in the justice of his remark, and sat with my feet on empty space for the rest of the way. The road we traversed was wild and picturesque, bordered on each side by jungle, and affording in its windings constant glimpses of the blue hills in the distance: occasionally a herd of fairy-footed antelopes would bound across it, or the peacock, uttering a shrill scream, would retreat into his native woods; but no worse denizens of the brushwood made their appearance, being probably scared away by the horn our driver occasionally sounded. At last the Mahr river made its appearance; a broad, tranquil stream, reflecting the deep-blue sky; and following its banks for a time, we at last reached the village. Here we breakfasted, dined, and remained, in short, till after sunset. We then drove to the foot of the Ghauts, but being detained longer than we anticipated, it was dark ere we commenced the ascent, which was to be made in palanquins. These were carried by four *hamals*, or bearers, four more running beside them to relieve them of their burden when weary; one, as it was now quite dark, carried a huge torch, on which he from time to time poured oil from a bottle he held in the other hand. The narrow path admitted but one palanquin in a line; we were therefore in a manner separated from each other, and alone with the bearers. The scene was really imposing: the gloom made the precipices on each side look deep and terrible, and such forms as one could distinguish in it took all kinds of fantastic shapes. The torch, smoking and flaring close beside the coffin-like conveyance, brought out in strong relief the sable hamels' well-oiled shining skins, and their rolling black eyes and glittering teeth, thus adding a perfect group to the foreground of the picture. Strange sounds, too, rose from the jungle: the hiss of the snakes; the cry of the jackal; the fainter, because more distant, roar of other beasts of prey; and every time the bearers gained a height, they paused, and with shrill cries, thanked their monkey god for his aid, and for having given them only a "light madam" to carry. The moon rose at last, and I could look down on the nests of jungle, and distinguish the clear outline of the hills: solemn and beautiful they looked, casting their awful shade on the home of the tiger and the boar; but I was now quite weary, and becoming too sleepy to observe more, awoke only when my bearers stayed their steps and my palanquin on the mountain summit which has to be our home.

Mahableshwur is situated on the highest point of the western Ghauts, and is a neat town, with a clean open bazaar, to which the money-changers, seated beside their banks, (or white cloths,) piled with all sorts of coin and currency, from moras to

cowries—or small shells—give a picturesque and new feature. The bungalows of the English residents have gardens round them, and are generally very comfortable dwellings. The church is a small and *very* rustic edifice, having the bell hung in a large tree beside it. The society is cheerful, and the drives and rides on the mountain, though few, very attractive, from the scenery and delicious freshness of the air. Our own abode consisted of several scattered bungalows, with tents for the servants and gentlemen, for we were a large party; the drawing and dining-rooms were detached from the building called the Ladies' Bungalow, and we had sometimes to walk through a cloud on our way to dinner; but the house was well furnished and nicely situated, commanding a fine view. We looked down on the first row of Ghauts, and a more singular scene can scarcely be conceived than the chaos of hill-tops beneath, all of extraordinary forms, and reflecting every shade of variety and color as the sun fell upon them. The mountain opposite our hill had been the scene of a horrid tragedy. In former times the two mountains had been inhabited by two rival chiefs, between whom a deadly feud existed. The disputes and fights between these Indian Montagues and Capulets were a continual source of annoyance to their neighbors, and the rajah of Sattarah and the English resident at last resolved on acting as mediators. Their peacemaking efforts were apparently successful; the chiefs consented to an interview; their grievances were to be mutually redressed, and they were to embrace as friends. The dweller on our hill (Bella Vista) was quite in earnest in these friendly demonstrations, but the Purtubghur man had meantime caused a pair of steel claws, exactly resembling those of a tiger, to be made, and fastened them to his hands, which, when closed, concealed them. Whilst in the act of embracing his old enemy, he fixed these terrible weapons in the back of his neck, and literally tore the throat asunder before those present could rush to the rescue. We were rejoiced to learn that ample justice had been taken for this horrible crime. The chief had been driven from his territory, and met the death he deserved.

The Ghauts are very singularly-shaped mountains. They give one the idea of having had a slice cut off their tops, and others are apparently crowned with strong fortresses; indeed, till assured that it was the natural formation of the hill, I thought that Purtubghur had the ruins of a fortification on its summit.

During our stay at Bella Vista, the rajah of Sattarah paid a visit, or rather made a pilgrimage, to a celebrated shrine in the vicinity. He came in state to our bungalow, to visit lady A—— (the wife of the governor); and the procession was worth seeing, though very different from what one's imagination would have depicted of Eastern state and pomp. First came a party of men who might well have personated Falstaff's ragged regiment, so poor, patched, and motley was their attire: these worthies shouted aloud, "Room for

the great rajah, the eater of mountains and drinker of rivers!" The ragged heralds were followed by their regular attendants, bearing bundles of peacocks' feathers, the insignia of their master's princely rank; then came two or three horsemen, bearing the round table-like banner; and lastly, the guest so formidably characterized, who, in fact, looked as if he enjoyed abundantly the good things of this life, even if his diet were not quite of the inconvenient kind described. He bore a strong likeness to the pictures of Henry VIII., and was a courteous middle-aged gentleman, habited in the Eastern costume, and wearing a magnificent emerald ring on his great toe. He was exceedingly gracious, offered us the loan of his elephants, and gave the ladies permission to visit his lately espoused wife, the Ranee.

I was sorry that indisposition prevented me from profiting by this opportunity of visiting a Hindoo zenana; my friends, who did avail themselves of the permission, were much pleased with the lady, who was young, beautiful, and *totally* uneducated, passing all her days in listening to stories, seeing Nauteh girls dance, and eating sugar-plums. This is the rajah who was placed by the English on the nominal throne of the Mah-rattas, after that deposition of his brothers, which has given rise to such dreary debates in the India house and in Parliament. Both brothers are now dead.

In one of our drives we were favored with the sight of a wild tiger in chase of an antelope. The terrible animal sprang across the road, at no great distance from the horses' heads, and disappeared in the jungle. He was hunted, and killed shortly afterwards. A reward of fifty rupees, or five pounds of English money, given for the discovery of a tiger, has greatly tended to diminish the number of these animals in the neighborhood of the English places of abode. We remained six weeks at Mahableschwur, and before our descent to the plains of the Deccan, found it cold enough to wish for a fire. The rains of the monsoon had also commenced, and our journey down the Ghauts, in pouring rain, and by dull cloudy daylight, was rather in prosaic contrast with our midnight ascent. We had derived great benefit from the pure, invigorating air, and even now, in our own cold but happy country, think with pleasure of our abode on the mountains of Mahableschwur.

From Chambers' Journal.

#### EXPERIENCES OF A BARRISTER.

##### THE NORTHERN CIRCUIT.

ABOUT the commencement of the present century there stood near the centre of a rather extensive hamlet, not many miles distant from a northern seaport town, a large, substantially-built, but somewhat straggling building, known as Craig Farm (popularly *Crook Farm*) House. The farm consisted of about one hundred acres of tolerable arable and meadow land; and at the time I have indicated, belonging to a farmer of the name of

Armstrong. He had purchased it about three years previously, at a sale held in pursuance of a decree of the High Court of Chancery, for the purpose of liquidating certain costs incurred in the suit of Craig *versus* Craig, which the said high court had nursed so long and successfully, as to enable the solicitor to the victorious claimant to incarcerate his triumphant client for several years in the Fleet, in "satisfaction" of the charges of victory remaining due after the proceeds of the sale of Craig Farm had been deducted from the gross total. Farmer Armstrong was married, but childless; his dame, like himself, was a native of Devonshire. They bore the character of a plodding, taciturn, morose-mannered couple; seldom leaving the farm except to attend market, and rarely seen at church or chapel, they naturally enough became objects of suspicion and dislike to the prying, gossiping villagers, to whom mystery or reserve of any kind was of course exceedingly annoying and unpleasant.

Soon after Armstrong was settled in his new purchase, another stranger arrived, and took up his abode in the best apartments of the house. The new-comer, a man of about fifty years of age, and evidently, from his dress and gait, a seafaring person, was as reserved and unsocial as his landlord. His name, or at least that which he chose to be known by, was Wilson. He had one child, a daughter, about thirteen years of age, whom he placed at a boarding-school in the adjacent town. He seldom saw her; the intercourse between the father and daughter being principally carried on through Mary Strugnell, a widow of about thirty years of age, and a native of the place. She was engaged as a servant to Mr. Wilson, and seldom left Craig Farm except on Sunday afternoons, when, if the weather was at all favorable, she paid a visit to an aunt living in the town; there saw Miss Wilson; and returned home usually at half-past ten o'clock—later, rather than earlier. Armstrong was occasionally absent from his home for several days together, on business, it was rumored, for Wilson; and on the Sunday in the first week of January, 1802, both he and his wife had been away for upwards of a week, and were not yet returned.

About a quarter past ten o'clock on that evening, the early-retiring inhabitants of the hamlet were roused from their slumbers by a loud, continuous knocking at the front door of Armstrong's house; louder and louder, more and more vehement and impatient, resounded the blows upon the stillness of the night, till the soundest sleepers were awakened. Windows were hastily thrown open, and presently numerous footsteps approached the scene of growing hubbub. The unwanted noise was caused, it was found, by Farmer Armstrong, who, accompanied by his wife, was thundering vehemently upon the door with a heavy black-thorn stick. Still no answer was obtained. Mrs. Strugnell, it was supposed, had not returned from town; but where was Mr. Wilson, who was almost always at home both day and night? Pres-

ently a lad called out that a white sheet or cloth of some sort was hanging out of one of the back windows. This announcement, confirming the vague apprehensions which had begun to germinate in the wise heads of the villagers, disposed them to adopt a more effectual mode of obtaining admission than knocking seemed likely to prove. Johnson, the constable of the parish, a man of great shrewdness, at once proposed to break in the door. Armstrong, who, as well as his wife, was deadly pale, and trembling violently, either with cold or agitation, hesitatingly consented, and crow-bars being speedily procured, an entrance was forced, and in rushed a score of excited men. Armstrong's wife, it was afterwards remembered, caught hold of her husband's arm in a hurried, frightened manner, whispered hastily in his ear, and then both followed into the house.

"Now, farmer," cried Johnson, as soon as he had procured a light, "lead the way up stairs."

Armstrong, who appeared to have somewhat recovered from his panic, darted at once up the staircase, followed by the whole body of rustics. On reaching the landing-place, he knocked at Mr. Wilson's bedroom door. No answer was returned. Armstrong seemed to hesitate, but the constable at once lifted the latch; they entered, and then a melancholy spectacle presented itself.

Wilson, completely dressed, lay extended on the floor a lifeless corpse. He had been stabbed in two places in the breast with some sharp-pointed instrument. Life was quite extinct. The window was open. On further inspection, several bundles containing many of Wilson's valuables in jewellery and plate, together with clothes, shirts, silk handkerchiefs, were found. The wardrobe and a secretary-bureau had been forced open. The assassins had, it seemed, been disturbed, and had hurried off by the window without their plunder. A hat was also picked up in the room, a shiny, black hat, much too small for the deceased. The constable snatched it up, and attempted to clap it on Armstrong's head, but it was not nearly large enough. This, together with the bundles, dissipated a suspicion which had been growing in Johnson's mind, and he roughly exclaimed, "You need not look so scared, farmer; it's not you; that's quite clear."

To this remark neither Armstrong nor his wife answered a syllable, but continued to gaze at the corpse, the bundles, and the broken locks, in bewildered terror and astonishment. Presently some one asked if anybody had seen Mrs. Strugnell?

The question roused Armstrong, and he said, "She is not come home; her door is locked."

"How do you know that?" cried the constable, turning sharply round, and looking keenly in his face. "How do you know that?"

"Because—because," stammered Armstrong, "because she always locks it when she goes out."

"Which is her room?"

"The next to this."



They hastened out and found the next door was fast.

"Are you there, Mrs. Strugnell?" shouted Johnson.

There was no reply.

"She is never home till half-past ten o'clock on Sunday evenings," remarked Armstrong in a calmer voice.

"The key is in the lock on the inside," cried a young man who had been striving to peep through the key-hole.

Armstrong, it was afterwards sworn, started as if he had been shot; and his wife again clutched his arm with the same nervous, frenzied gripe as before.

"Mrs. Strugnell, are you there?" once more shouted the constable. He was answered by a low moan. In an instant the frail door was burst in, and Mrs. Strugnell was soon pulled out, apparently more dead than alive, from underneath the bedstead, where she, in speechless consternation, lay partially concealed. Placing her in a chair, they soon succeeded—much more easily, indeed, than they anticipated—in restoring her to consciousness. Nervously she glanced round the rude circle of eager faces that environed her, till her eyes fell upon Armstrong and his wife, when she gave a loud shriek, and muttering, "They, they are the murderers," swooned, or appeared to do so, again instantly.

The accused persons, in spite of their frenzied protestations of innocence, were instantly seized and taken off to a place of security; Mrs. Strugnell was conveyed to a neighbor's close by; the house was carefully secured; and the agitated and wondering villagers departed to their several homes, but not, I fancy, to sleep any more for that night.

The deposition made by Mrs. Strugnell at the inquest on the body was in substance as follows:

"On the afternoon in question she had, in accordance with her usual custom, proceeded to town. She called on her aunt, took tea with her, and afterwards went to the Independent Chapel. After service, she called to see Miss Wilson, but was informed that, in consequence of a severe cold, the young lady was gone to bed. She then immediately proceeded homewards, and consequently arrived at Craig Farm more than an hour before her usual time. She let herself in with her latch key, and proceeded to her bedroom. There was no light in Mr. Wilson's chamber, but she could hear him moving about in it. She was just about to go down stairs, having put away her Sunday bonnet and shawl, when she heard a noise, as of persons entering by the back way, and walking gently across the kitchen floor. Alarmed as to who it could be, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong not being expected home for several days, she gently closed her door, and locked it. A few minutes after, she heard stealthy steps ascending the creaking stairs, and presently her door was tried, and a voice in a low, hurried whisper said, 'Mary, are you there?' She was positive it was Mr.

Armstrong's voice, but was too terrified to answer. Then Mrs. Armstrong—she was sure it was she—said also in a whisper, and as if addressing her husband, 'She is never back at this hour.' A minute or so after there was a tap at Mr. Wilson's door. She could not catch what answer was made; but by Armstrong's reply, she gathered that Mr. Wilson had lain down, and did not wish to be disturbed. He was often in the habit of lying down with his clothes on. Armstrong said, 'I will not disturb you, sir; I'll only just put this parcel on the table.' There is no lock to Mr. Wilson's door. Armstrong stepped into the room, and almost immediately she heard a sound as of a violent blow, followed by a deep groan, and then all was still. She was paralyzed with horror and affright. After the lapse of a few seconds, a voice—Mrs. Armstrong's undoubtedly—asked in a tremulous tone if 'all was over?' Her husband answered, 'Yes; but where be the keys of the writing-desk kept?' 'In the little table-drawer,' was the reply. Armstrong then came out of the bedroom, and both went into Mr. Wilson's sitting apartment. They soon returned, and crept stealthily along the passage to their own bedroom on the same floor. They then went down stairs to the kitchen. One of them—the woman, she had no doubt—went out the backway, and heavy footsteps again ascended the stairs. Almost dead with fright, she then crawled under the bedstead, and remembered no more till she found herself surrounded by the villagers."

The confirmation of this statement, a large clasp-knife belonging to Armstrong, and with which it was evident the murder had been perpetrated, was found in one corner of Wilson's bedroom; and a mortgage deed, for one thousand pounds on Craig Farm, the property of Wilson, and which Strugnell swore was always kept in the writing-desk in the front room, was discovered in a chest in the prisoner's sleeping-apartment, together with nearly one hundred and fifty pounds in gold, silver, and county-bank notes, although it was known that Armstrong had but a fortnight before declined a very advantageous offer of some cows he was desirous of purchasing, under the plea of being short of cash. Worse perhaps than all, a key of the back-door was found in his pocket, which not only confirmed Strugnell's evidence, but clearly demonstrated that the knocking at the door for admittance, which had roused and alarmed the hamlet, was a pure subterfuge. The conclusion, therefore, almost universally arrived at throughout the neighborhood was, that Armstrong and his wife were the guilty parties; and that the bundles, the broken locks, the sheet hanging out of the window, the shiny, black hat, were, like the knocking, mere cunning devices to mislead inquiry.

The case excited great interest in the county, and I esteemed myself professionally fortunate in being selected to hold the brief for the prosecution. I had satisfied myself, by a perusal of the depositions, that there was no doubt of the prisoners'

guilt, and I determined that no effort on my part should be spared to insure the accomplishment of the ends of justice. I drew the indictment myself; and, in my opening address to the jury, dwelt with all the force and eloquence of which I was master upon the heinous nature of the crime, and the conclusiveness of the evidence by which it had been brought home to the prisoners. I may here, by way of parenthesis, mention that I resorted to a plan in my address to the jury which I have seldom known to fail. It consisted in fixing my eyes and addressing my language to each juror one after the other. In this way each considers the address to be an appeal to his individual intelligence, and responds to it by falling in with the views of the barrister. On this occasion the jury easily fell into the trap. I could see that I had got them into the humor of putting confidence in the evidence I had to produce.

The trial proceeded. The cause of the death was scientifically stated by two medical men. Next followed the evidence as to the finding of the knife in the bedroom of the deceased; the discovery of the mortgage deed, and the large sum of money, in the prisoners' sleeping apartment; the finding the key of the back-door in the male prisoner's pocket; and his demeanor and expressions on the night of the perpetration of the crime. In his cross-examination of the constable, several facts perfectly new to me were elicited by the very able counsel for the prisoners. Their attorney had judiciously maintained the strictest secrecy as to the nature of the defence, so that it now took me completely by surprise. The constable, in reply to questions by counsel, stated that the pockets of the deceased were empty; that not only his purse, but a gold watch, chain, and seals, which he usually wore, had vanished, and no trace of them had as yet been discovered. Many other things were also missing. A young man of the name of Pearce, apparently a sailor, had been seen in the village once or twice in the company of Mary Strugnelli; but he did not notice what sort of a hat he generally wore; he had not seen Pearce since the night the crime was committed; had not sought for him.

Mary Strugnelli was the next witness. She repeated her previous evidence with precision and apparent sincerity, and then I abandoned her with a mixed feeling of anxiety and curiosity to the counsel for the defence. A subtle and able cross-examination of more than two hours' duration followed; and at its conclusion, I felt that the case for the prosecution was so damaged, that a verdict of condemnation was, or ought to be, out of the question. The salient points dwelt upon, and varied in every possible way, in this long sifting, were these:—

"What was the reason she did not return in the evening in question to her aunt's to supper as usual?"

"She did not know, except that she wished to get home."

"Did she keep company with a man of the name of Pearce?"

"She had walked out with him once or twice."

"When was the last time?"

"She did not remember."

"Did Pearce walk with her home on the night of the murder?"

"No."

"Not part of the way?"

"Yes; part of the way."

"Did Pearce sometimes wear a black, shiny hat?"

"No—yes; she did not remember."

"Where was Pearce now?"

"She did n't know."

"Had he disappeared since that Sunday evening?"

"She did n't know."

"Had she seen him since?"

"No."

"Had Mr. Wilson ever threatened to discharge her for insolence to Mrs. Armstrong?"

"Yes; but she knew he was not in earnest."

"Was not the clasp-knife that had been found always left in the kitchen for culinary purposes?"

"No—not always; generally—but not *this* time that Armstrong went away, she was sure."

"Mary Strugnelli, you be a false sworn woman before God and man!" interrupted the male prisoner with great violence of manner.

The outbreak of the prisoner was checked and rebuked by the judge, and the cross-examination soon afterwards closed. Had the counsel been allowed to follow up his advantage by an address to the jury, he would, I doubt not, spite of their prejudices against the prisoners, have obtained an acquittal; but as it was, after a neutral sort of charge from the judge, by no means the ablest that then adorned the bench, the jurors, having deliberated for something more than half an hour, returned into court with a verdict of "guilty" against both prisoners, accompanying it, however, with a strong recommendation to mercy!

"Mercy!" said the judge. "What for! On what ground?"

The jurors stared at each other and at the judge: they had no reason to give! The fact was, their conviction of the prisoners' guilt had been very much shaken by the cross-examination of the chief witness for the prosecution, and this recommendation was a compromise which conscience made with doubt. I have known many such instances.

The usual ridiculous formality of asking the wretched convicts what they had to urge why sentence should not be passed upon them was gone through; the judge, with unmoved feelings, put on the fatal cap; and then a new and startling light burst upon the mysterious, bewildering affair.

"Stop, my lord!" exclaimed Armstrong with rough vehemence. "Hear me speak! I'll tell ye all about it; I will indeed, my lord. Quiet,

Martha, I tell ye. It's I, my lord, that 's guilty, not the woman. God bless ye, my lord; not the wife! Doant hurt the wife, and I 'se tell ye all about it. I *alone* am guilty; not, the Lord be praised, of murder, but of robbery!"

"John!—John!" sobbed the wife, clinging passionately to her husband, "let us die together!"

"Quiet, Martha, I tell ye! Yes, my lord, I 'se tell ye all about it. I was gone away, wife and I, for more nor a week, to receive money for Mr Wilson, on account of smuggled goods—that money, my lord, as was found in the chest. When we came home on that dreadful Sunday night, my lord, we went in back way; and hearing a noise, I went up stairs, and found poor Wilson stone-dead on the floor. I were dreadful skeared, and let drop the candle. I called to wife, and told her of it. She screamed out, and amast fainted away. And then, my lord, all at once the devil shot it into my head to keep the money I had brought; and knowing as the keys of the desk where the mortgage writing was kept was in the bedroom, I crept back, as that false-hearted woman said, got the keys, and took the deed; and then I persuaded wife, who had been trembling in the kitchen all the while, that we had better go out quiet again, as there was nobody in the house but us; I had tried that woman's door—and we might perhaps be taken for the murderers. And so we did; and that 's the downright, honest truth, my lord. I 'm rightly served; but God bless you, doant hurt the woman—my wife, my lord, these thirty years. Five-and-twenty years ago come May, which I shall never see, we buried our two children. Had they lived, I might have been a better man; but the place they left empty was soon filled up by love of cursed lucre, and that has brought me here. I deserve it; but oh, mercy, my lord! mercy, good gentlemen!"—turning from the stony features of the judge to the jury, as if they could help him—"not for me, but the wife. She be as innocent of this as a new-born babe. It 's I! I! scoundrel that I be, that has brought thee, Martha, to this shameful pass!" The rugged man snatched his life-companion to his breast with passionate emotion, and tears of remorse and agony streamed down his rough cheeks.

I was deeply affected, and felt that the man had uttered the whole truth. It was evidently one of those cases in which a person liable to suspicion damages his own cause by resorting to a trick. No doubt, by his act of theft, Armstrong had been driven to an expedient which would not have been adopted by a person perfectly innocent. And thus, from one thing to another, the charge of murder had been fixed upon him and his hapless wife. When his confession had been uttered, I felt a species of self-accusation in having contributed to his destruction, and gladly would I have undone the whole day's proceedings. The judge, on the contrary, was quite undisturbed. Viewing the harangue of Armstrong as a mere

tissue of falsehood, he coolly pronounced sentence of death upon the prisoners. They were to be hanged on Monday. This was Friday.

"A bad job!" whispered the counsel for the defence, as he passed me. "That witness of yours, the woman Strugnell, is the real culprit."

I tasted no dinner that day; I was sick at heart; for I felt as if the blood of two fellow-creatures was on my hands. In the evening I sallied forth to the judge's lodgings. He listened to all I had to say; but was quite imperturbable. The obstinate old man was satisfied that the sentence was as it should be. I returned to my inn in a fever of despair. Without the approval of the judge, I knew that an application to the secretary of state was futile. There was not even time to send to London, unless the judge had granted a respite.

All Saturday and Sunday I was in misery. I denounced capital punishment as a gross iniquity—a national sin and disgrace; my feelings of course being influenced somewhat by a recollection of that unhappy affair of Harvey, noticed in my previous paper. I half resolved to give up the bar, and rather go and sweep the streets for a livelihood, than run the risk of getting poor people hanged who did not deserve it.

On Monday morning I was pacing up and down my breakfast-room in the next assize town, in a state of great excitement, when a chaise-and-four drove rapidly up to the hotel, and out tumbled Johnson, the constable. His tale was soon told. On the previous evening, the landlady of the Black Swan, a road-side public-house about four miles distant from the scene of the murder, reading the name of Pearce in the report of the trial in the Sunday county paper, sent for Johnson to state that that person had on the fatal evening called and left a portmanteau in her charge, promising to call for it in an hour, but had never been there since. On opening the portmanteau, Wilson's watch, chains, and seals, and other property, were discovered in it; and Johnson had, as soon as it was possible, set off in search of me. Instantly, for there was not a moment to spare, I, in company with Armstrong's counsel, sought the judge, and with some difficulty obtained from him a formal order to the sheriff to suspend the execution till further orders. Off I and the constable started, and happily arrived in time to stay the execution, and deprive the already-assembled mob of the brutal exhibition they so anxiously awaited. On inquiring for Mary Strugnell, we found that she had absconded on the evening of the trial. All search for her proved vain.

Five months had passed away; the fate of Armstrong and his wife was still undecided, when a message was brought to my chambers in the temple from a woman said to be dying in St. Bartholomew's hospital. It was Mary Strugnell; who, when in a state of intoxication, had fallen down in front of a carriage, as she was crossing near Holborn Hill, and had both her legs broken. She was dying miserably, and had sent for me to



make a full confession relative to Wilson's murder. Armstrong's account was perfectly correct. The deed was committed by Pearce, and they were packing up their plunder when they were startled by the unexpected return of the Armstrongs. Pearce, snatching up a bundle and a portmanteau, escaped by the window; she had not nerve enough to attempt it, and crawled back to her bedroom, where she, watching the doings of the farmer through the chinks of the partition which separated her room from the passage, concocted the story which convicted the prisoners. Pearce, thinking himself pursued, too heavily encumbered for rapid flight, left the portmanteau as described, intending to call for it in the morning, if his fears proved groundless. He, however, had not courage to risk calling again, and made the

best of his way to London. He was now in Newgate under sentence of death for a burglary, accompanied by personal violence to the inmates of the dwelling he and his gang had entered and robbed. I took care to have the deposition of the dying wretch put into proper form; and the result was, after a great deal of petitioning and worrying of authorities, a full pardon for both Armstrong and his wife. They sold Craig Farm, and removed to some other part of the country, where, I never troubled myself to inquire. Deeply grateful was I to be able at last to wash my hands of an affair which had cost me so much anxiety and vexation; albeit the lesson it afforded me of not coming hastily to conclusions, even when the truth seems, as it were, upon the surface of the matter, has not been, I trust, without its uses.

**Sperm Oil—A Fiscal Paradox.**—The duty of £12, 10s. per tun, until lately levied on sperm oil, has ceased and determined. On this event the "Atlas" newspaper has the following observations:—"For the future, sperm oil will be obtainable for £12, 10s. per tun less than it has hitherto cost; and from this circumstance it would seem to follow, as a natural inference, that the market price of the article should show a reduction to the amount. This, however, is not the fact. The price of sperm oil, on the remission of the duty, fell only from £84 to £82 per tun; the decline being £2 instead of £12, 10s., or less than one sixth of the presumable abatement. This is one of those paradoxes which are frequently presented to the observer of commercial phenomena. By what recondite law of prices, or occult mercantile art, is the sudden disappearance of twelve and a half from one scale balanced by the withdrawal of only two from the other! This is a fine case for the antagonists of free trade. There will not be wanting ignorant or unscrupulous champions of monopoly ready to argue that the difference between £2 and £12, 10s. will be pocketed by the merchants, instead of benefiting the consumer, and that the only effect of the vaunted commercial emancipation will be to swell the gains of a parasitic class at the expense of the public revenue. It is worth while to anticipate and refute an argument so plausible and so delusive. For this purpose it is only necessary to remind the reader of the influence of the past and the future on the present, in all human affairs including commercial operations. For three years past the abolition of this duty has been looked forward to by the parties concerned, who have doubtless taken the prospect of reduction into account, as one element amongst others in the estimation of value, and the settlement of price; so that, when Monday last brought the anticipated change, a considerable proportion of its effect had already been incurred by anticipation. This is the effect of the past on the present. The influence of the future has an analogous tendency to abate the immediate decline of price. The holders naturally inquire what supplies are expected from the fisheries, and compare the probable imports with the probable demand. It so happens that at present the stock of sperm on hand is relatively low, and the fresh supplies of the year are not expected to be large. This acts as a further counterpoise to the diminution of value resulting from the abolition of

the duty. The price of sperm oil may be described as having fallen the whole amount of £12, 10s. per tun, in consequence of the fiscal change, and as having then recovered nearly its former level, in consequence of the real dearth. Had the dearth and the duty coëxisted, the price would have been £12, 10s. higher than it is; so that the benefit reaped by the public from the abatement of duty, though veiled by the contrary influence of an incidental scarcity, is not the less a real and positive saving to the full amount of £12, 10s. per tun."

Similar observations might be made in reference to the termination of the duty on leather a few years ago. No one gets shoes any cheaper in consequence of taking off this duty, say many persons. True; but this is in consequence of the demand for shoes having increased by the increase of population, and this demand keeps up the price of most kinds of shoes to the former level. Had the duty not been taken off, shoes would now have been so much dearer, because leather is an article which does not admit of a rapid and illimitable increase, like any kind of cloth, and the demand is continually pressing on the supply. Have the public, then, not received a benefit by the withdrawal of the duty on this article? Assuredly they have.—*Chambers' Journal*.

**MAKING GOLD.**—We have read that Boyle once very nearly succeeded in making gold; that he showed the experiment to Sir Isaac Newton, when both became frightened, and threw away the ingredients. A gentleman communicates to the editor of the *Mining Journal*, that having experimented some ten years ago on the stratification of the earth and the formation of mineral deposits, he believes with truthful results, he turned up one of his old experiments accidentally a few days ago, and found running in a kind of spiral string through one part a small quantity of gold. No gold was used in the experiment, and the conclusion arrived at is that it has been formed from some of the other substances. This, however, is nothing to what is asserted by an iron-founder of this town; he declares that he has found out a process by which he can change any quantity of iron into gold. Before three months are over, he says, we shall hear more of this marvel. He promises to produce gold in tons; in short, in any quantity.—*Liverpool Albion*.

## MOOLTAN, (INDIA.)

## PLUNDER OF THE FORT AND RANSOM OF THE TOWN.

[We commend the following to our countrymen who were deceived into believing the British outcry about Gen. Scott's taking Mexican cities.]

"Fort of Mooltan, 25th Jan., 1849.

"THERE is so much duty for those left in the fort, that I have not been able to spare a moment for writing the promised details of the lions, &c., of the place. The day before yesterday Major Wheeler commenced his researches for the reputed wealth contained within these walls; he was accompanied on the occasion by an old bedridden mistress of Sawun Mull's time; thus was a clue obtained to the whereabouts of those vast subterranean storehouses of which we had heard. The principal of these were pointed out in the open ground within the citadel, as also among the ruins of the explosion; some of these contain a large amount of silks, others ghee, and grain stored up in the lifetime of the late Dewan's father. There is also a great collection of opium, indigo, &c., worth a large sum of money. Two or three lacs of rupees were blown up with the vast chaos of valuables. When the rubbish shall have been cleared away from the entrances of the Tykannahs, then we shall no doubt be able to extricate many of the bales of shawls and silks. In the mint a pretty good amount of silver and gold coin was found. Moolraj's house, and the neighboring Toshukhanah, contained a great quantity, as also many valuable swords, and rich property of every description. The fort is reduced to such a heap of ruins that it will require many months to excavate and remove the fallen houses; the site of the explosions is marked by a long deep pit, around which buildings are piled on buildings; scarcely one brick remains on another; corpses, carcases of animals, and every description of property strew the ground; the stench within the citadel is dreadful—there must be hundreds of men buried in the rubbish. The piles of huge stones shot have been hurled to a great distance, and the contents of large bombproofs showered far and wide upon the occupants of the place. The Bahawal Huk shrine is reduced to a mere wreck, but that of Shah Rookhu Alum has been more fortunate; it has escaped with only a few scars. It is a most massive structure, and from its great height commands a beautiful view of the surrounding country. On ascending two winding staircases the parapet is reached; thence may be seen the snowy range, the winding course of the Chenab, the numerous canals, gardens, and fields which do the far-spreading jungle; even Jhung, on a very clear day, is said to be visible.

"Within the courtyard of this shrine there is a newly-built range of bombproof barracks; in these some valuable property has been stowed away. Moolraj's house appears to have been once a good substantial one; it is now unroofed, and the walls are knocked to pieces with our shells. He appears to have vacated it long ago. There is a large garden with raised walks which appears to have been nicely laid out. Between this and the before-mentioned tomb there is an enormous domed magazine surrounded by a dry ditch several feet deep; a trench has been cut to communicate with it underground, and, the surface being closely packed with logs of timber, a mine is suspected. Double

sentries have been placed as a precaution against accidents. The stables, godowns, and arsenals are built in long ranges behind the citadel wall; they are mostly protected by domed roofs of considerable thickness, but our shells have penetrated them, and set fire to the contents. Many dead and wounded men, on charpoys, were found in them. In a large timber-yard wheels for guns of all sizes, and zumbooruk saddles, newly made, are lying about in great profusion. Further on, near the ramparts, are two large brick furnaces for casting cannon; an earthen mould of a very large one intended to be made lies close to them. The quantity of loose gunpowder in every hole and corner is surprising. The largest collections are those in the vicinity of the heaps of arms thrown away by the garrison before making their exit. Camp followers and others appear utterly regardless of danger, for blazing fires of logs are met with at every turn. Some small explosions have occurred, but no one has been killed, though many have been seriously burnt. The soil appears made of lead. Bullets strew the ground like pebbles; the supply would have lasted for years had the garrison held out; cannon balls are equally common from those stone ones of Brobdignagian proportions to the Liliputian for one-pounders; thirty-nine cannon have been counted, and four mortars (the largest of these had been knocked off his rude carriage by our shot.) There is abundance of wall-pieces of all sizes and lengths; zumbooruks and muskets innumerable, with piles of matchlocks of every weight and size. Tulwars by thousands, and heaps of wooden and leathern accoutrements for all the above weapons. I think Mooltan is the *beau ideal* of a Bunea's fort, or, rather, fortified shop; never, indeed, in India have such depots existed of merchandise and arms, amalgamated as they are with avarice. Here opium, indigo, salt, sulphur, and every known drug are heaped in endless profusion; there, apparently, ancient granaries in the bowels of the earth disclose their huge hordes of wheat and rice; here stacks of leathern ghee vessels, brimming with the grease, fill the pucha receptacles below ground; there silks and shawls revel in darkness, bales rise on bales; here some mammoth chest discovering glittering scabbards of gold and gems; there reveals tiers of copper canisters crammed with gold mohurs; my poor pen cannot describe the variety of wealth displayed to the inquisitive eye.

"Tumbrils under strong guards have been moving to and fro with gold coin all the day; it is said that three or four krores are concealed in the fort; the place is alone known to Moolraj, who may eventually make such disclosures as would eventually benefit his cause. The sappers are busily employed in filling up our trenches and approaches. I think we have taught the Mooltanee how to take a fortress, and they will probably profit by the tuition should affairs ever allow it."

The Mahajuns and other inhabitants of Mooltan in the first instance offered fifteen lacs for the ransom of the town, but this amount was refused, and the matter was referred to the governor-general, by whose order a committee was appointed, which fixed on twenty lacs as the proper amount to be paid. The inhabitants, however, now began to talk of "oppression," and refused to pay the sum demanded. The governor-general has decided that the property taken at Mooltan is to go to the captors of the place as prize.

From the Spectator, 24 March.

WE have need of an army numerous as that of Xerxes and resolute as that of Leonidas, if we are to bear the brunt of all the hostility which our ministers destine for us. While Lord Grey, with steady caprice, is sowing the seeds of rebellion throughout our colonial empire, Lord Palmerston is not inactive in his peculiar vocation among foreign states. Lord Aberdeen's speech of Thursday was a serious exposure; it showed that Lord Palmerston, "mediating" between Austria and Sardinia, had stood upon one ground with Austria—the treaties of 1815, and another with Sardinia—the expediency of the case; that he had threatened Austria, while he simply warned Sardinia of her "danger," with a mildness of reprobation amounting to permission; that he had put forth despatches and kept back others, so as to create a false impression of Austria, her conduct, her avowed purposes, and her reasons; that he had repelled offers when Austria was in a mood to grant them, and sought concessions for Italy when they could not be enforced, that he has embittered Austria, stimulated the rashness of Charles Albert, and so helped Italy as to frustrate her opportunities. Lord Lansdowne had no answer. He could not be made to understand *what* despatch had been suppressed; he stands by his own liberal opinions: he sees that Europe, once threatened by absolutism, is now threatened by the march of democracy over fallen thrones; he sees that events alter, and that Lord Palmerston changes his tone—a coincidence which reassures him; and he hopes it will all come right in time. Meanwhile, Italy is threatened with a second war, which Lord Palmerston *professed* to prevent and *has* expedited; a war which weakens one of the powers that hold the barriers of Europe against Russia, and may induce that power to invite aid from the north to reconquer the south. A nice complication!

HOLLAND.—His majesty William the Second, reigning King of the Netherlands, died, almost suddenly, at Tilburg, on the 17th March. The first announcement of his illness was made on the 15th, in the form of a bulletin stating that during the night of the 13th he had a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs, which obliged the physicians to bleed him copiously; and that during the night of the 15th he had a second attack, had again been bled, and was rather better. On the evening of the 16th, it was announced that "the early part of the morning was very fatiguing to the august patient; the fever and oppression on the chest were much more severe than before especially towards the middle of the day;" and on the 17th the Dutch newspapers appeared in deep mourning, with the announcement that the king expired, in the arms of the queen and one of his younger sons, at half past two o'clock of that morning. The late king was educated in England, and had been in every relation intimately connected with this country. Driven from Hol-

land, with his father, on the foundation of the Batavian republic, he was placed under the charge of Dr. Howley, the late Archbishop of Canterbury, and received his education from that prelate. At the age of nineteen, he was appointed, as Prince of Orange, a lieutenant-colonel of the British army; and he served as extra aide-de-camp with the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula from 1811 to 1814. He was present at the sieges of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, and the battles of Salamanca, Vittoria, Pyrenees, and Nivelle. He commanded the Dutch troops in the campaign of 1815, and the first corps d'armée at the battle of Waterloo; in which he was severely wounded.

By his surviving queen, a sister of the Emperor of Russia, whom he married in 1816, he has left three sons and a daughter. The eldest, William Alexander Paul Frederick Lewis, born in 1817, was in England at the moment of his father's death; he has already been proclaimed King of the Netherlands, by the title of William the Third. The present king was married in 1839 to the Princess Sophia Frederica Mathilda, daughter of the King of Wurtemberg.

It was proposed in 1813 that the late king should marry our own Princess Charlotte; but the project met with decided opposition from the princess herself. Many years afterwards it was noticed of Prince Leopold, as a remarkable coincidence, that he had been successful in obtaining both a wife and a kingdom at the expense of the same rival.

William the First, the father of the late monarch, was proclaimed King of the Netherlands in 1813; and he reigned for twenty-seven years. He had formed an attachment for a lady whose rank prevented her from becoming his queen; and, preferring happiness to the highest station, he renounced his crown, on the 7th of October, 1840, and was married to the Countess d'Outremont in February, 1841.

#### AFTER MIDNIGHT, DAWN.

THE state of the Continent defies the most far-seeing politician to guess at the upshot. Scarcely a single state shows anything like a determined or defined purpose; but, from Schleswig to Naples, the whole is movement without plan. You can almost as little define the boundaries or political essence of each state itself as its intent; you cannot say what is to bear the title of "Germany," almost as little what is "Austria," what "Naples," or even "Italy." Armies, there are, here and there, fighting for victory—and little else that is fixed or certain. The want of a clue to solve the gigantic European riddle appears to lie in the universal want of any great interest of a national or even of a factious kind. Classification is unsettled. Nations have so slight a nationality, that there is no single will, no desire, no purpose, which can be predicated of the whole. You cannot define "Italy," its purpose or its desire; but you may ascribe to that "geographical expres-



sion" every variety of sentiment and political combination. "Germany" has no unity, even of design. Nor can national feeling be aroused with any success. The Italians falter in the war of independence; the advocates of German unity are divided; France has a new fashion of policy every month.

This dispersion of interests arises in great part from the progress of civilization. With more peaceful laws and manners, the great bond of union, instant and common danger, has lost its force, and men are more individualized. Such a state, however, cannot be a final one, because it is not a safe one. We see how the nations are distracted and paralyzed for want of a common purpose, inasmuch that their relations are getting from bad to worse, and the ultimate solution of the trouble may perhaps be suggested by some common calamity. A Russian invasion, for instance, would unite Germany. Until civilization, much further developed, has found out some higher and better form of common interest to concentrate the energies of peoples upon a common purpose, it must be sought in a common danger, a common calamity. The worst then will but harbingers better times.

Were they indeed able and earnest enough, the leading statesmen of Europe might anticipate this inevitable calamity, and thus supersede the necessity of it. The talk of a congress of states has again revived; and undoubtedly a congress might afford the legitimate opportunity. But disappointment has too often physicked expectation, to leave much hope that such an assemblage will really gather itself until it is forced by the actual presence of calamity. A war there must be, or a congress; and it would manifestly be best to bring the maturer councils of Europe together, in order that they may compare notes, eliminate the possible from the impossible, and set Europe once more going, by a general sanction, under the new order. But the same defect of real care or zeal, which enervates the nations, also freezes their statesmen; and we fear that there will be no congress, until the one to settle the future peace—not one to prevent war. But calm follows the storm, as surely as there shall be sun after this dark March. The career of the world in its stayless orbit awaits not the will and fancy of statesmen.—*Spectator*, 31 March.

From the Examiner, 31 March.

#### FALL OF CHARLES ALBERT.

WHENEVER nations have been stirred by great aims, they generally have found a man in whom such aims were fitly concentrated, and who became their great instrument, prompter, and accomplisher. Germany found Prince Maurice and Gustavus Adolphus. England had its Cromwell, France its Napoleon. At the present time countries have been most unfortunate. With great wants, great aims, aspirations, energies, and excitement, neither Germans nor Italians have found a leader. Even the ultra-democratic French could

select nothing more eminent than Barbès and Caussidière. The coming man, however, is not always the first found; and is not to be despaired of, though people grope a long time for him. The English revolution, after it lost Hampden, was some years before it recognized its avenger and supporter in Cromwell. Who is there that might not have despaired of France under the Directory! The adventures, the disasters, the perils, the sudden and unexpected righting of causes and of countries almost foundering, are quite as startling in history as the turns of fortune in the life of an individual. Contemporaneous history is indeed a novel, which we may read with the self-same confidence as in the last product of the circulating library, that tyrants will be decapitated or nonplussed, and liberty and virtue rewarded—in the last chapter.

Decidedly, however, Charles Albert is not to be the successful hero of Italian independence. He made a bold effort for it, and he would not have been true to the traditions of his house if he had not made the trial. But Charles Albert is no more to be liberator of Italy than the King of Prussia is to be emperor of regenerated and united Germany. Crowned heads, it is to be feared, do not succeed in these attempts. The days of Gustavus, and Henry the Fourth, and Frederic the Second, are gone. Great things are to be expected only from popular heroes; and these do not rise in a twinkling, like the goddess from the scum of the troubled sea.

We will not, for all this, despair of Italy. Its sole monarchic army has been beaten. The republican leaders, undisciplined and disorganized, have merely indulged in vociferation and disorder. But between these two extremes, of the old armies and the new mob, there exists a large, intelligent, and well-provided class, whose opinions even restored monarchs cannot treat in the old fashion. If the King of Prussia must put up with democratic chambers, and the Emperor of Austria grant a representative government, the princes of Tuscany and Naples cannot go back to pure absolutism. Neither can the pope, nor even the viceroy of Lombardy. There must be a change, there must be concessions, there must be room and air for a certain degree of municipal and political freedom to develop themselves. And Italy wants half a century of such preparation for either independence or representative government.

To such ends as these, English and French influence will now be strenuously exerted. Such influence has been powerless hitherto, owing to the arrogant belief of the Italians that they could provide for their own security and government, independently either of their native princes or of foreign intervention. The defeat of Charles Albert, however, dissipates that vision; and even democrats must listen to counsel, or must abide by the inevitable result of summary expulsion.

Now, therefore, most truly, is the time for beneficent interference on behalf of Italy; an interference not menacing or armed, or in aid of idle

resistance, but pressing those several compromises without which military force and violence will be let loose to massacre and plunder Italy, as at Messina.

With respect to the campaign itself, which has put an end to the fitful fever of Charles Albert's ambition, there can be but one opinion. No army could have been more completely exposed to defeat and destruction than the Piedmontese were by the disposition of their Polish general. Instead of a wide dissemination of force, and at the same time offensive movements, the only chance for the Piedmontese general would evidently have been, after denouncing the armistice, to have maintained the defensive, and to have stood the shock of Austrian advance with all the aid that entrenched lines and well-posted artillery could afford. Instead of this, the Piedmontese gave up those advantages to the enemy, who brought all his guns and forced the Piedmontese to attack, not by a combined movement, but in separate divisions. The madness by which Providence ushers in ruin was never more conspicuous than in both the civil and military councils of Turin.

We subjoin, from a private letter dated at Turin on Sunday last, the latest intelligence of the movements of the Austrians:

The Austrians were beyond Casala, at a village called Trino, yesterday evening. They are now probably on their road here. They have done no harm except burning the houses of two republicans. We have no news of the army; but, strange to say, it is supposed that the king is already here secretly. I have heard this from such a source that I can scarcely doubt it, and yet it seems impossible. Madame Robilant's son has lost an arm, and three generals, Perrona, Radicati, and Passalagna have been killed, they say; but all is *on dit* except the news from Casala. The town is in consternation, as you may suppose, and those whose names are at all offensive to the Austrians are panic-struck—the D'Azelios, Balbi, &c. Madame de Revel has no news of her sons. She is quite frantic with anxiety. It is said that the king will abdicate and go to Savoy, and that the Austrians will not treat with him, having so little faith in his word. It is said that the army is *en pleine déroute*. \* \* \* The king has abdicated. The peace is being treated—immediately—and the Austrians are expected to-morrow at latest.

The Duke of Savoy, the son of an Austrian princess, and married to another Austrian princess, succeeds of course on the abdication of Charles Albert. But the temporary occupation of Turin by Radetski's army will be rather a relief than an obstruction to the new sovereignty of Piedmont. The dissolution of the chambers and the dispersion of the democratic ministry will be more aptly effected by the Croats than by a native prince at the hour of his accession.

MR. MACAULAY's set farewell to public life, at Glasgow, reminds us of the strikingly unliterary character of the English Parliament. The professed authors in Parliament have been few; they have not shone, and their tenure has been preca-

rious. Mr. Macaulay has been no exception. His spoken essays have deceived us all; extorting admiration for their literary merits, they reflected credit on the party in whose behalf they were uttered; the *Edinburgh Review* was in presence, delivered orally, in sheets, *pro re natâ*; and the special publication made no small sensation in club and drawingroom. But how little weight it had! how little it told upon the debate, the vote, the relations of parties, the public without! Because the effect of literature on the English mind is seldom direct, always cumulative; and Mr. Macaulay's best effusions were always literature. Nay, it was breach of privilege for literature to exceed its province and intrude into the legislature. Dull voting-machines resented the being outdone by a penman, and would fain have voted that the "stranger" be ordered to withdraw; only that, in violation of the division of employments, he was both writer and senator. Ministries, no doubt, were hampered by the exigencies of a colleague who was bound, even in these degenerate days, "to profess the noblest sentiments, and act up to the sentiments he professes," with some eye at least to keeping up appearances that would accord with the dignity of history. A perverse dislike to confess the influence of literature in the presence of its personages, has induced our Parliament to thwart its literary members. To be the titled author of a staid book on the shelves, is a grace allowed; but to be a popular author read everywhere, is to be ostracized. What has Mr. Macaulay's presence in Parliament done to make the commons literary; what has it done to benefit literature! Our country contrasts ill with others. We see the learned Welcker taking a lead in the practical statesmanship of his country without relinquishing Oriental studies; we see in France a host of authors—so many that you cannot fix them to any one party. Statesmanship in France is literary, and the parliament willingly accepts a literary influence. Hence a striking munificence, in poor and parsimonious France, to encourage arts, and promote learned expeditions into foreign countries; while England, rich and munificent, crowds immensely over a grant of 200*l.* to help Edward Lane in bringing forth a standard book, and grudges a paltry aid to Layard for excavating the history of an unknown era. Driven from the commons, Mr. Macaulay does not retreat, but emerges into the more splendid celebrity of his study; and if he is debarred from giving his vote for bills, decrees with his pen impressions and opinions—the masters of laws.—*Spectator*, 31 March.

As we apprehended, Charles Albert has dashed himself to pieces against the power of Austria. Inverting the Napoleonic strategy, he advanced to encounter Radetsky as Hindu hunters advance to catch an elephant, in a vastly extended line; Radetsky breaks the line, defeats the king in two battles, rushes upon his capital, Turin, and is master of Piedmont. Charles Albert has abdica-

ted in favor of his eldest son. If Austria stand to her professions, the defeat and abdication of this luckless king may remove much difficulty from the reorganization of the empire and the settlement of the European question; France stands ready to interpose; and it is understood that Austria *does* mean to abide by her recent declarations—means to conquer Italy in the only way that can establish peace.—*Spectator*, 31 March.

From the United States Gazette.

#### RUSSIA.

It did not need Napoleon's prediction, made in his prison-house at St. Helena, that "within less than fifty years all Europe would be republican or Cossack," to inspire the minds of men, in that division of the globe, with perpetual fear of Russia, its colossal power and supposed hostile designs. Considering the nature of its despotic institutions, so much opposed to those *now* existing west of the Vistula—considering the interests of its monarch, the absolute master of one seventh of the earth's habitable surface and from fifty-five to sixty millions of human souls—souls and bodies—all whose wants and sympathies are, of course, so unlike those of the free people outside—and considering, too, the geographical necessities of the empire, which are very obvious and striking, one cannot but feel that, sooner or later, the Muscovitish giant must try conclusions with the pigmies around him, or they with him—in other words that there must be a struggle between Russia and the general governments of Europe to decide the question whether Russia is—as she would put it—to enjoy her proper rights as a European power, or—as the others would express it—to rule the world, or be driven back within her original barbaric, almost Asiatic, boundaries of the early times of Peter the Great.

There is, in fact, something, at this period of human history, strange, fearful, unnatural in the picture of such an empire as that of Russia, which revives the recollection of—nay, which seems to reproduce—one of those perished monarchies of the first ages, so grand and yet so terrible, in which the king was as a god—a king of kings—ruling a court of diademed satraps who kissed the earth at his feet, and whole nations of bonded slaves, who were as the dust before him in which his elephants stalked and his war-horses pranced to battle. Assyria here lives again; here Egypt exists once more as of old. It is, to appearance, a Ninus or a Sesostris, who occupies the Russian throne, and meditates one of those strokes of power and efforts of ambition which so often made those old demi-gods of clay, for a time, the masters of mankind. One contemplates the character of the Russian empire only to ask in wonder whether this be, indeed, the nineteenth century—the epoch of civilization—of ideas—of universal political, and mental emancipation! Such an empire of slaves exists; and the liberty of Europe dreads it. No wonder it excludes Russia from the Mediterranean, and supports and encourages

the infidels of Turkey as a barrier against a Christian empire.

And here it is, in this question of the exclusion of Russia from the Atlantic through the well known channel of the Hellespont, that we find the real apple of discord, the point both of interest and honor on which a conflict appears to be inevitable—so much so that it seems impossible that any ingenuity of the most pacific disposition can long prevent it. With all her immense extent and population, and her apparent thousands of miles of sea-coasts, Russia is but a great imprisoned monster shut out from the sea; and she must reach the sea—have a good, the best possible, avenue to it—before she can expect the real development of a prosperity and power, both as yet believed to be only in the germ. The Arctic Ocean, perfectly impracticable and useless from perpetual ice, profits her nothing; her whole North Pacific coast offers her only the single outlet of the sea of Ochotsk, a Hudson's-Bay-like gulf, only navigable amidst bergs and floes, during two or three months of mid-summer; from the Baltic, which is frozen up three or four months every year, she has the only real channel she enjoys for her commerce and naval vessels through the narrow waters of Denmark and Sweden into the stormiest portion of the German Ocean; the Hellespont presents an equally natural and necessary outlet from the Black Sea—her Black Sea, as it may be called—into the ever open navigation of the Mediterranean and the broad and world-washing Atlantic. That outlet, however, is shut against Russia by the four castles of the Dardanelles, and the united jealousy of Turkey and the great European powers. To Turkey the surrender of the navigation of the Hellespont to such a power as Russia—to any power—would be destruction; it would be the grant of a highway to fleets and armies through the heart of the Moslem realm, and by—or over—the imperial Stamboul, the capital of Turkey, the metropolis of the whole Mahomedan world. Turkey has a greater right to be jealous of the approach of Russia towards the Bosphorus than the European powers; which, however, are resolved to prevent the introduction of her ships from the navy-yards of Odessa into a field of operation where the first broadside must destroy the Turkish power in Europe, (and, most probably, in Asia Minor too,) and advance the Russian boundaries to the shores of the Archipelago and the Gulf of Venice.

And yet this right of way into the Mediterranean, which Turkey must refuse and the European powers oppose, Russia must have, or consent to remain walled up in a kind of inland incarceration, offensive to her pride, injurious to her interest. If she is to stop here, vain have been all the mighty advances she has made, during the last century and a half, in power, civilization and extension of her boundary westward. This, which was an object of state, or looked forward to prospectively as such as early as the time of Peter, is now—or soon will be—a political necessity of such vital character as



to compel the Czar, rejecting all dissimulation, to act in open disregard of all opponents, with France and England at the head. He is, perhaps, already conscious of his ability to effect his purpose in despite of opposition; and, most probably, he deems this to be, as it is, his most favorable time. Austria is now, from the force of circumstances, his ally, and will assist the schemes of a power, of which, ultimately, it may prove a distinguished victim. What has he to fear from the anarchy of Prussia? from the practical impotence of France, still distracted, still revolutionary, still volcanic? or even from England, all whose ships can never prevent the march of Nicholas to Constantinople—to those Dardanelles from which he can so easily repel a naval attack—to Albania and the Morea, where, once firmly planted, not all the Nelsons and Rodneys that Britain can recommission, not all her ships and steamers, not all her Malas and Gibraltors, could prevent him from assuming the entire naval command of the Mediterranean. The real question of Russian progress is dependent—wholly dependent—upon the ability of the Czar to maintain his power at home as the *dominus et deus* of his own enslaved people. If we can only suppose that, at this period of revolutionary epidemics, Nicholas deems his subjects free from contagion, we have much reason to believe he has selected the present moment as the favorable one for unmasking his designs against Turkey and the throne of the Padishah.

From the Spectator.

#### FEMALE POETS OF AMERICA.

Who shall say that America is to seek in poetry, when Mr. Rufus Wilmot Griswold, the compiler of *The Female Poets of America*, can find nearly a hundred of the gentler sex from whom to select elegant extracts? A few of them, no doubt, go back to the old colonial or revolutionary periods; here and there a poetess may have been born in Europe; but the greater part of the band of sisters belong to the star-spangled banner, and are or have been contemporaries with the age.

When, indeed, quality rather than form is regarded, the very number of versifiers must throw doubt upon the verse; and in such pieces as we have examined we cannot trace much of poetry. Still, it is extraordinary how good the imitative article is. It is not that Great Britain could not furnish such a selection, but we doubt whether Italy herself, with her facile language, could do it, if the Italian ladies were of a deeper blue. Why America should produce female poets in such numbers, we cannot tell, unless it be that an easy state of subsistence gives leisure, and the absence of care and worldly knowledge (such as it exists in Europe) conduces to romance. Why the verse should be so good and no better, we think Mr. Griswold intimates in a critical passage of his preface.

It is less easy to be assured of the genuineness of literary ability in women than in men. The

moral nature of women, in its finest and richest development, partakes of some of the qualities of genius; it assumes at least the similitude of that which in men is the characteristic or accompaniment of the highest grade of mental inspiration. We are in danger, therefore, of mistaking for the efflorescent energy of creative intelligence, that which is only the exuberance of personal "feelings unemployed." We may confound the vivid dreamings of an unsatisfied heart with the aspirations of a mind impatient of the fetters of time and matter and mortality. That may seem to us the abstract imagining of a soul rapt into sympathy with a purer beauty and a higher truth than earth and space exhibit, which in fact shall be only the natural craving of affections undefined and wandering. The most exquisite susceptibility of the spirit, and the capacity to mirror in dazzling variety the effects which circumstances or surrounding minds work upon it, may be accompanied by no power to originate, nor even, in any proper sense, to reproduce. It does not follow, because the most essential genius in men is marked by qualities which we may call feminine, that such qualities when found in female writers have any certain or just relation to mental superiority. The conditions of æsthetic ability in the two sexes are probably distinct, or even opposite. Among men, we recognize his nature as the most thoroughly artist-like, whose most abstract thoughts still retain a sensuous cast, whose mind is the most completely transfused and incorporated into his feelings. Perhaps the reverse should be considered the test of true art in woman, and we should deem her the truest poet whose emotions are most refined by reason, whose force of passion is most expanded and controlled into lofty and impersonal forms of imagination.

Of course Mr. Griswold does not bluntly apply these remarks to those writers from whom he is about to compile a book; as no chapman depreciates his own wares. Except in the assumption of there being more real poetry than there is, Mr. Griswold, however, will be found just and discriminating in his biographical and critical notices prefixed to the specimens from each writer. His handsome volume will be ornamental to the drawing-room table, agreeable for its contents, and curious for its indications of the character of female position and pursuits in America.

PROSPERITY AND PROGRESS.—From all we have seen for a century, the tide of affairs has set in in waves; any extraordinary advance has always been followed by a reflux. In vain is it bid "be still;" for it is one of the conditions, and perhaps means, if not of the existence, at least of the progress, of society—which, amidst all its perturbations, moves steadily up and down on the shores of time, under the dominion of a power that makes nations advance or recede, and under laws which can only be discovered by long, accurate, analyzed observation. As statistical science and education advance, the severity of seasons of distress—whose general course can be calculated—will be diminished by mutual aid, and provision will be made in prosperity against their recurrence; as the losses of shipwreck, fire, and life to society are mitigated by the various kinds of insurance. Knowledge will banish panic.—*Ninth Report: Reg. Gen.*

## CHAPTER XIV.—MADELINE.

PERFECT quiet was the doctor's prescription; he said there was excitability of brain—great nervous irritation; he administered sundry tranquilizing doses, directed that the patient should be put to bed, and took his leave. From the moment in which Madeline aroused from the state of insensibility into which she had fallen, she spoke not a word; but her eyes wandered incessantly about the room with a plaintive, wistful expression, as if seeking somewhat which they could not find. At length the tardy opiate had its effect, and she slept; Ida watching beside her. The night wore slowly away—a sultry summer night, palpitating with the daylight warmth so lately withdrawn, so soon to be renewed. There was no moon, but the heavens were gorgeous with stars, and a pale green lustre lingered about the horizon, telling where the day had gone down. The massy, motionless woods oppressed you with the idea of their close and breathless recesses; the odors of the flower-beds seemed to have actual substance, and almost to become visible; the parched turf was one sheet of silver dew. Ida sat at the window, awake, but with her young heart full of dreams. How much unhappiness would be taken out of life, if that one faculty of dreaming were withdrawn! It is not so much that events are in themselves afflicting, as that we have dreamed of a possible future so different, that what actually befalls us has all the bitterness of a disappointment. And this is the same, whether we have faith in our own anticipations or not. Experience may have taught our reason utterly to disregard them, but still, Fancy paints her pictures, and though we know well enough that they have no real existence, we cannot help comparing them with the reality. This is weakness—perhaps sin—but the utter eradication of it would seem to be the last triumph of self-discipline. Looking back, we see how narrowly we have oftentimes escaped happiness; looking forward, we see a hundred bright possibilities almost within our grasp, yet, perhaps, never to be reached. Oh! let us remember that the shadow of an awful Presence is upon us, and, safe and still within that guardianship, let us look upwards only!

Ida had watched long, and, as she leaned her forehead upon her hand, weariness overcame her. The multitudinous stars began to blend with each other, and with her thoughts, in a strange, unnatural, bewildering manner; the burden of some monotonous old melody seemed to be ringing softly in her ears, and asserting some inexplicable connection both with stars and thoughts, as though they were slowly waltzing in time to its rhythm; the inner and outer life seemed to be melting into each other, and producing a compound most harmoniously inconsistent, while the soul superintended this mystical chemistry in a mechanical sort of way, only half conscious what it was about. She was in the state in which poets see their most celestial visions, and painters drink in their purest

ideals, and musicians listen to strains which afterwards they can neither remember nor forget, but must needs reproduce after some poor fashion of their own. A movement in the room startled her; awake in an instant, and guiltily conscious of having neglected her charge, she looked up—the bed was vacant, and the door ajar, but trembling as though some hand had just hastily and ineffectually essayed to close it.

Ida was frightened, though she scarcely knew why, and she hurried out into the passage just in time to see the gleam of Madeline's white drapery, as, carrying a lamp in her hand, she passed through the door of a bedroom at the further end. Ida followed, and, looking into the room, beheld her friend on her knees beside the bed in which their little visitor of the preceding evening was sleeping the calm, happy, healthful sleep of childhood. Madeline's face was pallid, and her eyes bathed in tears; she wrung her hands repeatedly with an expression of passionate grief, and vainly struggled to restrain her audible sobs. Presently she arose, and, stooping over the bed, kissed the child's lips very softly, and with an expression of terror; then she stood for some minutes gazing upon it, comparatively calm; then moved from the bed, as if to go, but by a sudden impulse returned, cast herself once more upon the ground, and burying her face in the curtain, wept without restraint. Ida stole gently to her side, and winding her arms around her, endeavored to lead her from the room; she looked up, then bowing her face upon Ida's shoulder, yielded without a word to her silent persuasion, and they returned together. When the door was closed behind them, Madeline again broke forth into a passion of tears and sobs; and Ida, supporting her, wept for sympathy, though quite ignorant of the cause of such bitter and overpowering anguish. It is a very penurious and sceptical love which must understand before it sympathizes.

"My darling! How I must have frightened you!" murmured Madeline, as soon as she could speak, putting back Ida's curls with both her hands, and looking into her pale, tearful face, with an expression half wild, half tender.

"Oh! do not think of me!" cried Ida, "think of yourself. You must come to bed, and let me get you another of those composing draughts. Oh, how you are shivering! you are very, very ill. What has it been, dear Madeline! Were you delirious?"

"No—no—alas, no!" replied Madeline. "It was all real; and it has been a happy, happy night—because, you know"—smiling strangely at Ida—"I never thought I should have seen him again." While she spoke she was getting into bed, and she now lay down, and drew the coverlet closely around her shaking limbs. "What a comfort sleep is!" she added, speaking in an odd, uncertain tone, and with eyes wandering about the room. "I wonder what I shall dream of. Do you know, I almost think I am going to die."

There was something positively fearful in the

contrast between the hurried familiar voice and the solemn words. Ida shuddered as she poured out the double dose which the physician had left, labelled, "To be given in case of great excitement." She brought it to the bed-side. "Who was it you thought you should never see again?" asked she, with a half idea that the question might stimulate the invalid to collect her thoughts.

"Stoop down; come close—quite close. Let me whisper!" replied Madeline. She drew Ida's face close to her own, and, putting her lips to her ear, said, in a low, hoarse, nearly unintelligible voice, "My son!"

Ida shook from head to foot, and her agitation was not diminished when Madeline, suddenly releasing her, struck her hands wildly together, and exclaimed, almost with a shriek: "My child! my baby Arthur!—oh, let me get up and go to him again! He will never know it; nobody will ever tell him that it was his mother who came and looked at him in the night. Let me go to him! Let me go to him!"

Ida was now more than ever convinced that this was a very frenzy of delirium. With all the energy of terror, she compelled her friend to swallow the opiate, kissed her, spoke soothingly to her, persuaded her to lie still; calling to her aid all the arguments she could muster, and seconding them by the tenderest caresses.

Madeline yielded after a little resistance, and lay for a while motionless and silent, clasping the cold trembling hand of her young nurse between both her own. Presently she spoke, and, this time, with a sort of desolate tranquillity in her voice, very touching to hear:—

"Ida, dearest!—you are mistaken in thinking that I don't know what I am saying."

"It is this fever!" replied Ida, persuasively; "it will pass away again, please God! Only try to go to sleep, dear Madeline!"

"The opium is working," answered Madeline, heavily; "but I have no fever, Ida; and there is no delirium—only bitter, bitter sorrow: an unhealed wound suddenly stricken. Take that little key off my watch-chain, and open the dressing-case."

She signed impatiently with her hand, and Ida nervously obeyed her, bringing the dressing-case and placing it upon the bed beside her. She opened a secret drawer, and drew out a small clasped book, which she placed in Ida's hands. "There," she said, "read that; you must know all now. Oh, what a storehouse of miserable thoughts!" And her fingers played with the cover of the volume. "Read it, Ida; read it. I shall soon be asleep."

Ida received the book: her eyes, dilating with wonder, and tearful with pity, fixed earnestly upon her friend's face.

Madeline looked wistfully at her, and, suddenly raising herself upon her elbow, exclaimed: "Ida! promise me that you will make *no* conjecture—none at all—till you have read my history. You *cannot* guess the truth. It is impossible. What-

ever you are thinking now, is a mistake. Promise me this!"

Ida hurriedly gave the required assurance; and Madeline sank back again, and turned her face downwards upon the pillow, with a quick, impetuous movement. Gradually, the powerful narcotic subdued the excited frame, and stilled, or rather numbed the throbbing nerves, and she slept a dull, unrefreshing, lethargic sleep. Ida scarcely drew her breath; she was overcome with fear, sorrow, confusion, disbelief. She kneeled down, and her agitated spirit offered itself to God in a vague, scarcely-conscious prayer. The mere action brought her comparative tranquillity; and seating herself, she opened the mysterious volume. It was closely written in Madeline's hand-writing, and seemed to be a record of her life, at first in the form of a narrative, afterwards in that of a diary, and interspersed with letters laid between the pages. We shall give it entire; those of our readers who may feel no interest in the subject, having our cheerful permission to pass it over unread:—

#### MADELINE'S DIARY.

This record is only for myself and one other. I may as well address you at once. I cannot put it into any form. You know much; and if I retrace before your eyes even what you know, it is for a purpose. Yet, no; I cannot speak to you calmly. Surely, I can put you out of my thoughts; that is, what you *have* been to me, and what you *might* have been to me; and write as if to a stranger. Indeed, in what do you differ from a stranger, except in the power of crushing my soul? Oh, these *words*! they seem to me like a tolling-bell—so meaningless and monotonous—and yet involving in their utterance the beginning, the misery, and the end of a life.

You know nothing of my childhood and early youth. Thank God for that! There is a place in remembrance where you are not—but what a chilly, dark, repulsive place! I have no alternative save the fire which consumes, or the ice which freezes. *I!*—It is not I—not myself—not the proud, joyful, sarcastic, resolute, fearless woman. Was I ever so!

[There was here a pause, and it appeared that the writer had determined to abandon the agitated and incoherent style in which she had commenced, and to constrain herself to adopt that of narrative; a determination to which she afterwards strictly adhered, with few exceptions.]

I was not a happy child. My life was spent between two extremes of restraint and indulgence. In the schoolroom I was made to labor with an earnestness and continuance which must surely have been perilous for the young and tender brain; out of it I was suffered to run wild as an unbroken colt. I do not remember my mother. She died before I was three years old, and there was no vigilant affection about her child to foster a dream till it should grow into a memory, and be believed in as such. My father was proud, but



not fond, of me; I never remember to have received a caress from him. His care of my education, such as it was, was entirely directed to developing the genius and beauty which I was supposed to possess, and the heart and temper were left to cultivate themselves. I was indeed utterly unconscious that I had a heart, though I must own I took good care that no one who came near me should long preserve a similar unconsciousness as to my temper. I was naturally violent and overbearing; and had it not been that my quickness enabled me easily to master the tasks appointed me, and in music and some other studies to outstrip the capacity of my masters, I suppose my schoolroom existence would have been one unintermitted course of punishment. As it was, though Mademoiselle Edouard pronounced me to be the "most trouble-some young lady possible," she was content to endure my insolence for the sake of the credit I did her.

My second music-master, a German and a genius—engaged when the powerlessness of the first to conduct me any further was honestly confessed by himself—did me vast mischief, but, as I have afterwards thought, no little good also. He spoiled me thoroughly. He would arrive, perhaps, when I was in the midst of a battle, and holding his sides, would laugh with the most flattering appreciation of the quiet sallies with which I answered Mademoiselle's vehement admonitions; then, as the Frenchwoman grew shriller and shriller, and I more and more imperturbable, (though but for the desire to maintain my superiority before him, I should probably have been in as great a fury as herself,) he would seat himself at the piano and begin to improvise—*phantasiren*, as he called it. The first few chords invariably brought me to his side, and Mademoiselle might scold her fill after that; the tongue of Xantippe herself could not have engaged my attention or provoked my wrath for an instant. Whatever there was of hunger after goodness and beauty in my undisciplined nature banqueted upon this, the only divine aliment suffered to come within its reach. While these notes yet swelled upon the air I was transformed. I became gentle, submissive, spiritual, fervent, devout—but alas! all this was only like the transitory glow which sunset might cast upon the features of a corpse, clothing them for a moment with fictitious life, only to leave them, when it departs, cold, inanimate, and soulless as before. This man I loved, and he is the only human being in the whole of that waste of memory, whom I can recall to myself as having awakened such a feeling in me. And it is in this that I suppose he did me good; for what hope could there have been for me had I grown into womanhood without ever having felt affection? Would not a blindness so long enforced become habitual and irrevocable? Must I not needs have sunk forever into that lamentable vacancy of heart, whose only (and far preferable) parallel is idiocy of intellect?

My father I saw daily for half an hour. How I dreaded those visits! It is almost impossible

to convey an idea of the intense pride of my nature. Even now it is unsubdued, and yet, what a discipline of humiliation it has undergone! To me those half hours of inspection seemed like prolonged insults. A little physical nervousness—for I had no reverence—alone prevented me from telling him how well I knew my superiority to himself in all those studies into the progress of which he was inquiring; and when he rebuked me, as he would not unfrequently do, for an error in French or Italian, carefully explained to him beforehand by my governess, or for an ungraceful gesture observed by himself, I could scarcely restrain the sarcasms which trembled on my lips. Yet, surely, even then I might have been moulded into something better. It was the hollowness of all around me that forced such hardness upon myself; I saw nothing but unreality, and I took refuge in scorn. Yet, intellectually proud and self-sufficient as I was, and unconscious of my own miserable destitution, I believe that I could have loved the veriest simpleton who had loved me and shown himself to me as he was without feigning. That merciful blindness which ever accompanies an extreme state, whether of good or evil, preserving in the one case from presumption, and in the other from despair, seems to me now to be the only thing that saved me from insanity. Had I seen myself and my position *then* with the eyes with which I *now* contemplate them, reason must have given way. But I lived on, self-centred and arrogant, and, knowing no other life, guessed not as yet that I needed any other. My father was a merchant, and enormously rich. I grew up amid an extravagance of luxury, which was in itself injurious. He possessed that peculiar kind of pride which is sometimes, though rarely, to be found in his class; he was a radical in politics, and the aristocracy of wealth was to him the only nobility. In religion he was a rationalist, more nearly approaching to the Socinian than to any other type. I was taken duly to church once on the Sunday; I even learned my catechism, and had my stated portion of daily Bible reading—a desecration which now I shudder to think of; but though I was only eight years old when I heard him say, as he pompously instructed Mademoiselle Edouard in her duties, "These things are quite necessary for women"—it was a lesson which I never forgot. The seed sank deep, and bore most bitter fruit.

And so I grew up to eighteen, the time fixed for my *début* and presentation—a woman, without faith or love. I was highly accomplished, without shyness, with much conversational talent, carefully formed to elegance of manner and deportment, and (so they told me) strikingly handsome. No murmur of admiration—no compliment implied or expressed, was lost upon me; I felt that my position was triumphant, and I delighted in it. Yet, with all my experience, I was quite aware how much influence my reputation as a great heiress had upon those who courted me; and when at the end of my first season I

refused my eighth offer, the courteous terms in which the note was of necessity worded, thinly concealed the utter contempt which I felt for the writer. Indeed, I may say, contempt was the ordinary attitude of my mind. But by this time I had become unhappy. I read—I thought—I became dimly conscious of unknown capacities and unsuspected depths in my heart. A mighty craving, a vast want, was awaking within me. It was not the question so natural to the sensitive, "Shall I ever be loved?" that I asked myself—it was one even bitterer, "Shall I—*can* I ever love?"

I remember very well how this thought first came upon me. I had been reading Schiller and Wallenstein, and enjoying (in the shallow unreal manner in which those who know nothing of nature are able to enjoy art) that matchless portraiture—indeed, that only portraiture, in any adequate fashion—of the perfect ideal of human love, pure, passionate, spiritual, identical with virtue, because dependent on virtue as the very condition of its existence. Suddenly it was, so to speak, revealed to me that this creation was not a thing apart, lifeless, unsuggestive, impossible, but the type of a great class of realities, which were to be judged and tested by their comparative degrees of approach to, or departure from, this their true though invisible standard. The manifold forms of life seemed to group themselves anew before my eyes under the light of this dawn; many, nay, perhaps most, shrank and withered under it—mere shells, having neither substance nor spirit; while some, and those not unfrequently the meanest and least considered, were able to reflect some faint spark of the divine lustre, and so to assert their communion with it. A flood of beauty seemed to pour in upon my soul. I shut my eyes, and beheld Thekla, appeared in the light of her own purity; so full of life, fervor, gentleness, genius, yet existing only in and for the soul for whose especial service she was created; like one of those Etruscan mirrors, which, graceful in form and rich in ornament, are yet made only to reflect the face that looks upon them. And truly, the aspect here presented is one for which all hearts might be well content to make themselves mirrors, happy if they are able to give any the faintest presentment of that perfect vision of strength and tenderness. There is nothing in all art—there could be nothing in all nature, were it not by God's grace indwelt by the supernatural—comparable to that moment wherein he, abdicating his proper sovereignty by a voluntary and noble self-despoilment, the very weakness of which best proves his strength, makes her his will and his law; and she, becoming for the time his conscience, who is by habit and in order the very conscience and angel of her spiritual life, sacrifices without hesitation, and by an impulse which has all the constancy of deliberation without its coldness, both her own happiness and his. Her own? We can scarcely say this; she had no self; it had

long since exhaled and been annihilated in the upspringing steam of light.

*Being faithful*

*To thine own self, thou art faithful too to me!*

I threw down the volume, and, as was my wont when anything excited me, went for relief to the piano, and began to "phantasiren." Gradually and almost unconsciously I broke into a song—an old simple melody, the "Coolin" of the Irish bards, so expressive of entire yet gentle devotedness. A low sob disturbed me. I looked round, and saw a young lady, a kind of half-humble friend, who was then staying with me, and who spent her life in worsted work, quietly weeping over her eternal embroidery-frame. She was an uninteresting person, neither elegant, witty, nor sentimental, and I held her in utter contempt; nevertheless, I was not even then hard-hearted enough to behold real sorrow without attempting some kind of sympathy.

"My dear Fanny, what *is* the matter?" inquired I.

"Oh, nothing at all," she replied, stammering and abashed; "it is very foolish, and I am quite ashamed of myself. I never can hear that tune without crying; my poor dear brother, who is in India, used to sing it so beautifully."

I was in a humor to be touched, and I made a few inquiries about this "poor dear brother." The stupid girl became positively eloquent. He was so clever, so good, so charming; they had sung, studied, lived in everything together. All her opinions (and till that moment I never knew she had any) came from him; all her thoughts had reference to him, and were not recognized as having any existence of their own till he had set his seal upon them. He was evidently the sun of her moral and mental world, and was so in more senses than one; for certainly, till that sun shone forth, the aforesaid worlds lay in such thick darkness, that nobody could have guessed their existence. Here is a discovery, thought I. Here is evidently a true, deep, genuine affection, by which a higher nature has moulded a lower one into some assimilation with itself. I am curious to know more about this brother.

"Do you know Captain Preston?" asked I that evening of Mr. Angerstein, an habitual visitor at our house, a quiet, gentlemanlike and satirical person, who was so determined *not* to see the world through a Claude Lorraine glass, that he always looked at it through slate-colored crape, and piqued himself on the clearness of his eyesight.

"Oh, perfectly well," he replied, "he was a brother officer of mine before I sold out."

"What sort of a person is he?"

"Do you wish me to tell you in all sincerity, or am I to condemn that valuable quality to its ordinary *civil* death?"

"I want to know your real, honest, undisguised, unmitigated opinion."

"Well, then, he is a prig and a simpleton, a tiresome little red-faced man, who thinks it the height of literary polish to say 'inasmuch' and 'moreover,' and the perfection of wit to talk regimental slang to ladies. When, after many hard struggles, he had achieved a proper fit of gloves, and learned to bow without scraping, he reposed upon his laurels ever afterwards, thinking no further qualifications necessary to complete his ideal of a gentleman."

I lifted up my hands and eyes, and felt sorely mortified. This, then, was an illusion. I was given to generalizing. Is *all* love an illusion? asked I of myself. I hastily ran over in my mind the names of relations, friends, acquaintance; as each presented itself, it was a fault, a foible, or an absurdity which stood out in bold relief, enabling me to grasp the idea of the person, which, indeed, had no other tangible points for me. I began to long for an illusion.

#### CHAPTER XV.—MADELINE'S DIARY CONTINUED.

I BEGAN to ask myself with more deliberation and reflection than I had hitherto been in the habit of employing, what was the reason of all this? Why was life so rich and warm, and beneficent, and I shivering like a very beggar at its gates? Was the fault mine, or was it not rather chargeable upon that power which some call Fate and others Providence? My habitual cynicism kindled into a fiery and bitter impatience. There was happiness around me: that I saw; there was the capacity of happiness within me; that I felt. Why could I not bring these two together? Were there indeed jewels in my path, and could I not stoop to gather them up, or were they not rather treacherous foam-bubbles which imprisoned the sunshine, but were ready to burst at a touch? I came at last to a conclusion with which, impotent, false and miserable as it was, I was fain to content myself. I tried to believe that tenderness of affection was incompatible with strength of intellect, and that my lonely-heartedness was only the price which I paid for my genius. It is because I see so clearly, thought I, that I cannot love; others walk in twilight, and to them the lath-and-plaster erections of the tea-garden are as the solemn antiquities of Pæstum.

I took refuge in excitement, of which I could command as much as I would. Ceaseless gayety, perpetual homage, these were to supply the need of happiness as they precluded the possibility of thought. I ran through the whole scale of admiration, from the delicate compliment gracefully veiled in badinage, to the desperate declaration, which it was the triumph of my heartless vanity to receive and to reject. Worthless all! One word of quiet praise, implied, not uttered, by lips whose sentence is worth living for, would outweigh them all; how much more, one look of real tenderness! But this I knew not; experience had refused to teach it me; and I was resolved not to believe in it. I determined to revenge myself by the achievements of genius on the isolation which

genius had produced. I feasted upon the adulation offered to my talents for music and conversation, and exulted in perceiving how, as soon as I entered a room, the various groups broke up, and the best (using the term in its society sense, of the most agreeable) members of each gradually clustered around me. There was, however, one talent which I possessed, and which I had never had an opportunity of exhibiting. I knew my power as an actress to be first-rate, at least among amateurs, and I determined to have private theatricals on a grand scale, and to shine forth in a sphere where no ordinary rivalry could even attempt to follow me. I had, moreover, the advantage of writing my own drama, and I constructed it so as to display my gifts in the most striking manner possible. The story selected was that of Undine, and it will be at once perceived that the principal character affords scope for the exercise of a great variety of powers, from the airiest and most sparkling playfulness, to the deepest and tenderest pathos, excluding only those broader and stronger traits of passion which would be unsuitable to a private and amateur performance, especially by a woman. I introduced a considerable number of songs, making my drama in fact a kind of half-opera, and on the evening of rehearsal my triumph was complete. My costume—blue crape, with a coronal of water-lilies in my dark hair—was pronounced perfect; I was tolerably well supported by the Hildebrand and Bertha of the party, and when the actual moment for representation arrived, I think I scarcely ever remember to have felt such exuberance of vivacity. I was sitting before my mirror, a little impatient of the length of time which my maid took in satisfying my critical vanity by the position of each individual lily, when Bertha entered, with a face of considerable dismay. I forestalled her as she was about to speak, with my usual easy impertinence, as I now consider it—graceful petulance, as my admirers were in the habit of calling it.

"My dear Lady Emily, you look the picture of disconsolate helplessness. I'm quite sure you have forgotten half your part."

Be it observed, in passing, that I could scarcely have made a more *mal-à-propos* joke than this. Lady Emily was angrily conscious of her inferiority to myself in quickness and memory, and excessively anxious that it should not be generally perceived. She spent many a long hour in private study, and afterwards made her appearance, professing that she had been so hurried, she had scarcely had time to do more than read her part through, and betraying the greatest annoyance at her not unfrequent mistakes. There is no surer test of that true tact which is a combination of delicacy, refinement, and unselfishness, and which in its higher instances is an instinct taught by affection for the person towards whom it is displayed, than that which is afforded by observation of the manner, time, and subject of a joke at the expense of another. There are few more unpleasant reflections for a person who possesses this tact, and



yet occasionally, out of heedlessness, or high spirits, or some temporary disturbance of mental equilibrium which results in the appearance of high spirits, sins against it, than the discovery afterwards that he has so sinned; a discovery which the offender is quite sure to make sooner or later, though shame may quite as often induce him to conceal that he has made it, as to apologize for his offence. But, to resume. Lady Emily answered me sharply, for I had made her feel uncomfortable, and she was therefore in no wise disposed to break bad news tenderly to me. "I wish," said she, "that the success of the evening depended only on *my* being perfect in *my* part. Mr. Scott has sent an apology—his uncle is dying, somewhere in the north, and he has been summoned away by an express!"

I started up from beneath the orderly fingers of my waiting-woman, utterly aghast. Mr. Scott was Hildebrand!

"What can be done?" I exclaimed; "for Heaven's sake suggest something!"

Lady Emily was good-natured in the main; besides which, she looked remarkably well in pink satin and pearls, and wanted to show herself.

"I can only think of one chance," she said. "If Mr. Tyrrell could be induced to take the part, he has the play, for I lent him my copy three weeks ago; and I know he has studied it, for he was talking of getting it up next week, at his uncle's, the Duke of F——; and he is a capital actor."

I was too much excited to notice my friend's breach of confidence in thus lending my manuscript without my knowledge or consent, though at another time I should have indignantly resented it. "Mr. Tyrrell!" I repeated, "that tall bandit-looking man with moustaches, who came yesterday with Mrs. Wilbraham? I scarcely know him, but he would *look* the part to perfection."

"And play it, too," responded Lady Emily; "he is my second cousin, and I know him intimately."

"What sort of person is he?" asked I, musingly.

"Very clever," she replied; "the sort of person who can do whatever he likes, and who never does what he dislikes. The only question is whether one could induce him to undertake it."

"Oh! go, dear Lady Emily!" I cried, "persuade, coax, supplicate, force him to consent. He never can be so barbarous as to refuse. Or stay, had you not better send him a little note requesting his instant presence in the library, and you and I will meet him there, and use all our powers to prevail upon him."

Lady Emily thought this the more promising scheme, and having despatched the note, we hurried into the library, and awaited our doom. In a few minutes the door opened, and Mr. Tyrrell entered. I see him now as I saw him then, save for the cold sickness at my heart, which bears

witness to the time between then and now. How strange to remember one who has become a part of ourselves, whether for good or for evil, as he was when he was a stranger to us! There is an unreality about our contemplation of him, as though we were looking at a phantom, and not at a human being. And it cannot be otherwise. Whatsoever thought once passes through our minds, whatsoever feeling has once touched the surface or searched the depths of our hearts, is irrevocable, indelible, in a sense, eternal. We can no more undo its work, and make ourselves what we were before its coming, for a single moment, or in a single respect, than we can listen to familiar melody as new, and feel curious for the coming, and surprised at the sound of each successive note, whose pitch and value we know well long before it strikes upon our ear. We can *force* the timid flower (expressive phrase!) till we have compelled it to spread its petals wide, and open its bosom—once blown, there is no power to make it again a soft and shrouded bud. Oh that we had this power! Oh that we could unlearn our experience! Oh that we could, indeed, make some few familiar names strange to our ears and to our hearts! Is there one human being who would not, if he could, unlive his past life?

Nothing could be more courteous than the manner in which he consented to oblige us; but it was done indifferently, and as a mere matter of civility. No vigilance of anxious vanity could detect the faintest shadow of personal compliment to myself. I was piqued, and I never exerted myself so much to *conquer* admiration as on that evening, and before its close I had reason to believe that I had succeeded. The breathless attention with which he listened to my singing was sufficiently expressive. In the last scene, where the vision of the hapless Undine returns and weeps her repentant lover to death, I had adapted some plaintive and appropriate words to Schubert's melody, "L'addio," and I sang them with all the pathos of which my voice was capable. Many of my audience were moved to tears, and I was convinced that the emotion betrayed by Hildebrand himself was not altogether assumed. When the curtain fell, I sank into a chair overcome by the pleasant exhaustion of excitement and triumph. Most of the dramatis personæ gathered around me, and plied me with compliments as fast as my heart could desire; Mr. Tyrrell stood a little aloof, and said nothing. Whilst I was receiving all this homage, and parrying by repartee such instances of it as seemed a little too strong, my eyes involuntarily sought him; he was looking at me, and I felt myself blush, that I should have been thus detected in watching him. I rose with some impatience. "I believe we shall find supper in the saloon," said I, "and I am ashamed to confess that Undine has so little that is ethereal in her nature, that she is longing for cold chicken. Do let us come."

I stood at the door while my guests defiled past me in couples; Mr. Tyrrell, as in duty bound,

offering me his arm. As we followed the others, he said, "I am going to take a great liberty, and I must ask you to retain the character of the forgiving Undine a few minutes longer. Will you make me a present of one of those flowers? I am a perfect school-girl in my love of autographs and relics—and I want a memorial of what I have seen and heard to-night."

I severed a lily from my bouquet very graciously, and gave it to him, saying, as I did so, "I think this the prettiest compliment I have yet received."

"I *never* pay compliments," was his grave answer, as he took the flower. "Thank you; you are very kind."

At supper he sat between Lady Emily and myself, and at first talked exclusively to his cousin. Presently, however, he turned and spoke to me in his peculiar quiet manner, half-deferential, half-familiar, which it is impossible to describe. "We are arguing," said he, "won't you help us?"

"I will help one of you," replied I, laughing, "when I know the subject of the argument."

"Lady Emily is one of the National Peace Congress," he answered; "but, inconsistently with the practice of that august body, she is ready to make war on all the rest of the world."

"Oh, if *you* state my case," cried Lady Emily, "you are certain to make me seem in the wrong. It is not fair. I'll tell you what we were discussing, Madeline—this terrible duel; and Mr. Tyrrell defends it."

The "terrible duel" was an event just then occupying the attention of the whole fashionable world. Two young officers, nearly connected, and up to the time of their fatal difference strongly attached, had fought on some quarrel, which, beginning in a merely political question, had grown personal in the violence of the argument. One fell, and the other was scarcely restrained from committing suicide in the first agony of his fruitless remorse. That which rendered the case peculiarly distressing was the fact that the survivor had originally refused the challenge, and only been goaded into acceptance of it by taunts reflecting upon his courage. He was the more to be pitied, that, being of a highly nervous temperament physically, and never having been in action, nor had any opportunity of proving his mind to be stronger than his body, he must have felt himself peculiarly obnoxious to such suspicions, and unable, except by a very high mental effort, to despise them.

"Is it possible," asked I, addressing Mr. Tyrrell, "that you defend duelling on principle? I thought trial by combat had been abolished with other middle-age absurdities, and that nobody ever *argued* in favor of it, though, like many other things, plenty of people might be found who *practise* it."

"No," he replied; "I do not argue in favor of it. I only say, that, in Captain Methven's case, I should have done as he did."

"Then you deliberately profess," observed I,

"that you would do that which you cannot defend? At any rate, you are very honest."

He smiled. "I should consider the act wrong, absurd, useless, and—unavoidable," said he. "There is no extremity, surely, to which a man may not be driven in order to preserve his name from a stain impossible to cleanse. If Methven had had any previous opportunity of proving his courage, I should have thought him altogether unpardonable. As it is, I don't see what else he could do."

The standard by which a woman, even if irreligious, tries thoughts and actions, is generally higher and purer than that of a man practically not inferior to herself; for two reasons:—first, because she is brought much less in contact with the actual, and therefore has not the same temptations to lower it; secondly, because, for the most part, she is less open-eyed to inconsistencies of all kinds, and therefore feels not the absolute need of making rule and practice, in some measure, accordant with each other. She is consequently prone to a state of mind which may be called the very reverse of masculine; she neither accommodates her rule to the reality, nor subdues the reality to her rule, but she unconsciously keeps them distinct, so that the one is pure, the other full of defects, and yet she is not distressed by the discrepancy. In many cases she perhaps fails to discover it. Thus, I was shocked by Mr. Tyrrell's proclamation of his own deliberate inconsistency; had he, on the contrary, expressed his determination never to fight a duel, and afterwards fought one, I should probably have forgiven him very easily. It is not for this, however, that I record the conversation. How often have the words since recurred to my memory! Why did I not sooner comprehend the constraining principle of all his actions—the determination to do, not whatever was right, or wise, or even politic, but simply, whatever would preserve his honor from the merest possibility of a slur, either in his own eyes, or in the eyes of others. Strict, delicate, sensitive—nay, in a sense, if it be not profanation to use the word, *spiritual* was this honor of his. He was himself his own severest judge. Let it appear that he had in any way committed himself—no matter how inadvertently—and no sacrifice appeared to him too mighty to redeem the pledge. But I was blind!

To return to that memorable evening. I was too much occupied with my triumphs and my admirers to notice the unusual demeanor of my father, though I have since been told that it was noticed by everybody else. He was in unusually high spirits at first, with some appearance of excitement, and he drank five or six glasses of wine in succession—a very uncommon practice for him, as he was a man not only of temperate but of abstemious habits. As the supper proceeded, he became apparently very tired, and unable to fulfil the ordinary conversational duties of a host. During the last half hour, he seemed in a state of absolute exhaustion, exerting himself to answer such re-

marks as were addressed to him with a smile of forced courtesy, but with a degree of effort so manifest, that it was painful to witness it. He roused himself again to pay the parting compliments to his guests, and stood bowing and making adieux, as each party took their leave, with a mechanical sort of regularity, and wandering eyes, which seemed to betoken that his thoughts were very far off. When the last was gone, he stood still a moment, pressing his hands upon his eyes, and then rapidly approached the sofa on which I was half-reclining, contemplating with languid satisfaction the becoming effect of my white draperies and lily coronet as displayed by a large mirror on the opposite side of the room.

"Well, papa," said I, lifting my eyes to his as he drew near, "have you no compliments to pay me?"

He looked at me fixedly in silence, and with an expression of gloom so profound, that I involuntarily started upright, and asked, "What is the matter?"—not, I confess, with any very grievous flutterings of heart, for one who loves nothing cannot possibly have many subjects of fear.

He replied with his wonted cold brevity of manner, which acquired repulsive harshness under the circumstances, "Madeline, you are a woman now, and a sensible one. I owe you my confidence. I am ruined."

I sprang up, and caught him by the arm, looking wildly and eagerly into his face, almost expecting to discover symptoms of insanity. He met the look without flinching, and simply reiterated the words, "I am ruined." Then releasing himself from my grasp, and sitting down on the sofa, he made me sit beside him, and proceeded, with the same immovable conciseness, to explain the details of the case. These are unimportant, neither am I sufficiently conversant with business to record them accurately. The result is enough. It was ruin, dire, total, imminent! My mind could scarcely stretch to the comprehension of it. My father went on to say, that there was one chance of escape which it was impossible to render intelligible to me by reason of the technicalities which it involved. One thing was necessary, however—namely, secrecy; and this he took immense pains to make me comprehend. The secret must be kept for six months, and we must live as usual, incur our ordinary expenses, and take care to let no one suspect on how frail a tenure our prosperity—nay, our very means of existence, was hanging. At this point, my father came in contact with almost the only *very* strong feeling of right which existed in my mind—love of truth. I had a sovereign contempt for every species of deception, whether acted or expressed; it was not only impossible to me, but loathsome. I answered, on the impulse of the moment, "Papa, you must send me away. I cannot help you in this."

He half smiled; and I have since felt quite sure that he wished and intended to make me say this; indeed, it was evident at the moment that his plans had been arranged with a view to such a deter-

mination on my part. He immediately proposed to me to go and stay with some relations of ours, who, ever since I grew up, had been imploring a visit from me without success. The family consisted of an elderly bachelor brother, and two maiden sisters, likewise of sober maturity. Their name was Barron, and they resided in a large, formal, old-fashioned, country mansion, in dignified seclusion, or prim, periodical society, which it gave me the headache only to think of. Mr. Barron was my godfather, and he was likewise possessed of immense wealth; so that I suppose my father thought it no bad speculation to endeavor to secure his affections for me, just now, when other prospects seemed so lamentably failing. There was no help for it, and I reluctantly acquiesced. I felt half stunned, sure that some great misfortune had befallen me, yet by no means alive to its full extent; for I was in fact too ignorant of reality to conceive it. I had not, as yet, an idea of how much of my enjoyment of life was derived solely from the possession of wealth. I fancied that I should command as much admiration as I had hitherto commanded, with the additional satisfaction of feeling sure that I owed it to my personal claims only; and as I had never known what it was to want luxury and attendance, so I could not imagine the pain and discomfort of the deprivation—it never came across my thoughts. A vague, pretty vision of a cottage, such as stands often on the left-hand side of the stage, and is dwelt in by the heroines of melodramas, and of myself moving about in it, looking more handsome than ever in my simple attire, and gracefully busied in what I called to myself "household toils," without ever for one moment defining what such household toils might be, flitted not unpleasantly across my mind, and was my only embodiment of the idea of "utter ruin." In the mean while, my maid packed up for me a wardrobe that might have suited a duchess, and, after receiving from my father a kiss which had less of coldness than any which I ever remembered to have received before, I took my place in the train, and started for —.

I arrived at my destination about three o'clock in the afternoon, and was handed from the carriage by my godfather, whom I had not seen since I was a child. He was a somewhat stiff and heavy-looking personage, some forty years old, whose hearty welcome was the most chilling that can be conceived. He took hold of my hand—for he did not shake it—said abruptly, and as if the words were produced by machinery, "I am glad to see you at Stanbury House," and then, giving me his arm, conducted me into the hall in silence. His sisters were not at home, but would return to dinner; and he suggested that I should take a stroll in the grounds with him to wile away the time. Glad to do *anything*, I readily acquiesced, and we sauntered forth together. We walked for half an hour, and only one observation did he make in the whole course of the walk, except those that I wrenched from him by desperate questioning. This one was elicited by my stopping to admire a fine



aspens tree. "I don't know whether you have noticed it," said Mr. Barron, "but the branches of this aspen have rather an elm-like form of growth, and, in the sweep before the house, on the left-hand side, there is an elm which grows exactly in the form of an aspen. "How very singular!" responded I, though I neither discerned the one fact nor believed the other.

There was no improvement when the sisters came in. They were hard-featured, angular women, with harsh, dull voices, and manners that were stiff, but scarcely polished enough to be called formal. They never spoke except in case of absolute necessity, and then said as little as they could. As for small talk, only a frantic person could have thought of such a thing in their presence. Occasionally each contradicted the other, and sometimes both at once briefly contradicted Mr. Barron; and these were the liveliest moments of the day. They never argued—they could not have said consecutive words enough for an argument; they might rather be said to deal in fragmentary and detached cavils. When we came into the drawing-room after dinner, they both sat down bolt upright upon the sofa, and steadily stared at me. I found I could not bear it, and many and furious were the efforts which I made at conversation. Whatever I said Miss Barron doubted, and Miss Eliza Barron immediately differed from her sister, and did not agree with me. One specimen I may give: "I (hopelessly,) I have had a lovely day for my journey."

Miss Barron (sternly). "Do you call it *lovely*? I found it very chilly." Miss Eliza Barron (very quickly). "Oh! no, not *chilly*, Priscilla; the thermometer was above temperate. But certainly it could scarcely be called a *lovely* day; for there were two showers, and the clouds were very thick in the west."

Miss Barron (gloomily). "I don't think there were *two* showers."

Miss Eliza (resolutely). "I counted them."

Miss Barron (inexorably). "So did I."

(A long silence.)

"What a venerable-looking old house this is! I quite admire it. I do love everything that is old-fashioned and quaint; these couches, now, and those tall, narrow mirrors are quite pleasant to my eyes; only one fancy everybody ought to wear hoops and powder here."

Miss Barron. "The house may *look* venerable, but it is n't a hundred years old; and we furnished the drawing-room last summer."

Miss Eliza. "Last *spring*, Priscilla. Yes, certainly, I should n't have supposed anybody would have admired this furniture for its antiquity."

Miss Barron. "I call June summer."

Miss Eliza. "So do I; but this room was furnished in May."

Another long silence. I gave it up, and determined to wait patiently for one of my hostesses to speak. I *did* wait a full quarter of an hour, during which both the sisters continued to sit bolt upright and stare at me. At the expiration of this period Miss Eliza volunteered an observation.

"Did you notice a very curious thing in the grounds?" said she: "we have an elm tree which grows just like an aspen, and an aspen which is shaped exactly like an elm."

Miss Barron remarked that the aspen was certainly very like an elm, but she never could see that the elm had the smallest resemblance to an aspen. Miss Eliza said that was particularly strange. She would not have been surprised if her sister had not seen the likeness in the *aspens*; but the *elm* was really so extraordinary like, that she could not understand how anybody could fail to perceive it. Here the conversation dropped, and scarcely anything more was said, till we exchanged our frigid "Good-nights," and departed to rest.

I believe these were both very good women; they were strongly attached to each other, and intended to be very kind to me. They were charitable to the poor, and regular in the performance of their religious duties. They would have nursed each other in illness with devotion, though assuredly not with tenderness, and I do believe that if either had died, the survivor would have found it possible to look graver and say less than before. But, to *live* with them! I would rather live with three students of the French horn, and a singing master!

My delight may be imagined, when, after a fortnight's endurance of this slow starvation, just as I was feeling that every spark of life, energy, and warmth was altogether extinguished within me, they gave a dinner-party, and among the first detachment of guests who entered, I recognized Mr. Tyrrell.

*The Ladies' Work-Table Book*; containing clear and Practical Instructions in Plain and Fancy Needlework, Embroidery, Knitting, Netting, and Crochet. With numerous Engravings, illustrative of the various stitches in those useful and fashionable employments. Published by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia. Redding & Co. Boston.

USEFUL and fashionable? O yes: there is knitting—that is useful; we learned to knit. Of the *fashionable*, there is no doubt. We have had much pleasure in looking over the engravings, which are of the most entertaining kind—and can join in what the printer has said on the cover—"A work every

lady should possess." And that they will be willing to do.

*Hints on Public Architecture*. By ROBERT DALE OWEN. Containing 113 Engravings.

WE have received from Mr. Putnam, N. Y., a few sheets of this work as a specimen. They are very beautiful.

*Mordant Hall; or, A September Night*. A Novel. By the author of "Two Old Men's Tales." Harper & Brothers.

*Memoirs of my Youth*. By A. DE LAMARTINE. Harper & Brothers.

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PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenaeum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say indispensable, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "winnowing the wheat from the chaff," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

Agencies.—We are desirous of making arrangements, in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work—and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. And we will gladly correspond on this subject with any agent who will send us undoubted references.

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WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.

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